

September
1892

W. W. Hubbard
Birthplace of President Woodruff.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOLXIII · SEPTEMBER · 1892 · NoII

· PUBLISHED · BY · THE ·
· CONTRIBUTOR · CO ·
SALT · LAKE · CITY · UTAH ·

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1892.

	PAGE.
Farmington, Connecticut, (Illustrated),.....	Junius F. Wells. 475
The Approach of the Army,.....	Josephine Spencer. 481
The Cross, ...	Santiago. 487
Vera's Guardian. A Chapter from Real Life, ...	Cactus. 489
An Eventful Trip,.....	Marvin E. Pack. 493
Valedictory Address,.....	Philip Maycock. 497
Ciudad Chihuahua,.....	J. H. Martineau. 501
Marcia: A Story of Ancient Rome,.....	Laertes. 503
Church Emigration, XVI,.....	Andrew Jensen. 506
Is Man an Electrical Battery?.....	Selected, 515
EDITORIAL: Mutual Improvement.....	516
"History of Utah.".....	516
"Life of John Taylor.".....	517
Association Intelligence, Y. M. M. I. A. Missionaries.....	517
Music: Moonlight. ..	517

ESTABLISHED - - 1873.
INCORPORATED - - 1888.

Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus, \$200,000.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
President.
GEORGE M. CANNON,
Cashier.

ZION'S

Pays 5 per cent. Interest
Compounded Quarterly,
on Deposits.



SAVINGS

SAFETY
DEPOSIT
VAULT.

Oldest and Largest
Savings Bank in
Utah, with Deposits
greater than all
others combined.

Money to Loan on Ap-
proved Securities at
Low Rates of Interest.

BANK

BOXES to RENT
at Reasonable
—Terms.—

DIRECTORS:

Wilford Woodruff, *Pres.*
Geo. Q. Cannon, *Vice-Prest.*
Joseph F. Smith,
Angus M. Cannon,
James Jack,
Heber J. Grant,
George Reynolds,
T. G. Webber,
H. B. Clawson,
Lorenzo Snow,
Francis M. Lyman,
Anthon H. Lund,
Leonard G. Hardy.

— TRUST —

Deposits received
from \$1 Upwards.

COMP'Y.

I, 3, and 5, EAST TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

3M
M205.1
2764
1.13
1892
30PT

CO-OPERATIVE AUTHORIZED CAPITAL,
\$300,000.00.

*** **WAGON** and ***

PAID IN \$250,000.00. **MACHINE CO.**
SURPLUS, \$75,000.00.

UTAH xxx AND xxx IDAHO.

+++++

RULON S WELLS,
Sec. & Treas.

+++++



+++++

GRANT HAMPTON,
Asst. Sec. & Treas.

+++++

HEBER J. GRANT,
President.

GEO. Q. CANNON,
GEO. ROMNEY,
J. H. SMITH,
R. S. WELLS,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
Vice-President.

F. M. LYMAN,
W. W. RITER,
CHAS. S. BURTON,
H. A. WOOLLEY.

LEADING IMPLEMENT DEALERS.

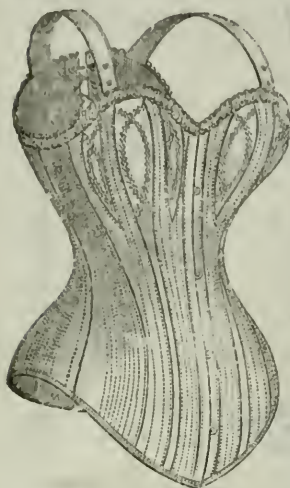
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

GEO. T. ODELL Genl. Mgr.

WARNER BROS.



CELEBRATED CORSETS



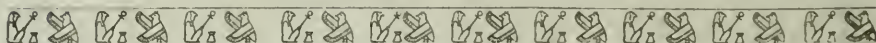
THE merit and popularity of these Corsets is attested by the fact that over two million were sold last year in this country alone, and the sales are increasing rapidly year by year.

Ladies are cautioned against the many worthless imitations of Coraline Corsets which are upon the market. These imitations are stiffened with common twine filled with starch, and they lose all their stiffness after a few days' wear.

The genuine Coraline gives better value and better service for the money than any imitation. They can always be recognized, for they have "Dr. Warner's Coraline" printed on the inside of the steel cover.

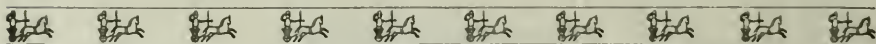


FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.



➤ WARNER * BROS., ✧

NEW YORK and CHICAGO.



For Sale in Salt Lake City

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.,
SPENCER CLAWSON,
F. AUERBACH & BRO.,
WALKER BROS. CO.,
COHN BROS.,
R. K. THOMAS.

For Sale in Ogden

—BY—

Z. C. M. I.
W. H. WRIGHT & SON,
GEO. S. TRIBE,
SMUIN & THOMAS,
J. WOTHERSPOON.

Warner Brothers Celebrated Corsets.

B. F. & H. L. SWEET,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

❖: "COMMON SENSE" SLEIGHS, :❖

'Arctic' Sleighs, "Manitoba" Sleighs, Improved Freight Wagons,
Mining, Railroad and Mill Carts, Spring Wagons, Trucks,
Buckboards, Lumber Buggies.

Co-operative Wagon and Machine Co.,

—General Western Agents.

BEST-REMEDY
RHEUMATISM FOR DYSPERSIA
IMPURE BLOOD
BILIOUSNESS
FEVER
AGUE
CONSTIPATION
KIDNEY & LUNG
DISEASES
MALE & FEMALE
BITTERS
A Family Tonic
FOR DYSPERSIA
RHEUMATISM & CO.
PROPRIETORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS
OMAHA

THE SOWER HAS
NO SECOND CHANCE.
Good sense says make the most of the first.

FERRY'S SEEDS

have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business
the largest in the world—Merit Tells.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1892
tells the whole Seed story—Sent free for the
asking. Don't sow Seeds till you get it.

D.M.FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.



THE
Standard Gauge

RAILWAY!

Through the Rocky Mountains!

Choice of Three Distinct Routes, and
the most Magnificent Railroad
Scenery in the World.

Two Fast Express Trains Daily each
way between OGDEN, SALT
LAKE and DENVER.

Elegant Reclining Chair Cars!

FREE OF CHARGE.

Direct Connections made in Union De-
pots. The most Thoroughly Equipped
Railway in the West.

J. H. BENNETT, General Freight and
Passenger Agent.

D. C. DODGE, A. E. WELBY,
Gen'l Manager. Superintendent.

Scientific American
Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS,
TRADE MARKS,
DESIGN PATENTS
COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to
MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America.
Every patent taken out by us is brought before
the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the
world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent
man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a
year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO.
PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

CORTICELLI' KNITTING SILK.

SUPERB WASH COLORS!!

"CORTICELLI."

ROPE SILK,

Wash, Embroidery Silk,



ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.
"CORTICELLI" ROLL DRESS BRAID

These are the *best*, in blue and in red,
Made for the smoothest, strongest of threads;
The silken thread, that ev'ry one said,
Was worthy the Mills
"Corticelli" built.

C. H. SAMPSON Agent.

—PIONEER—

PATENT ROLLER MILL CO.

MANUFACTURES FINEST BRANDS OF

FLOUR.

High Patent, Bakers No. 1, Whole Wheat.

Office, 21 W. South Temple St.

SALT LAKE CITY

UTAH

The occurrences of late, both locally and nationally, are fraught with much interest to those who keep up with the country's history and progress. Among the most important of these occurrences, nationally, we might name the Home Rule and

Statehood bills to help poor dis-
tracted Utah to govern

herself. The speeches of the gentlemen interested in the passage of these bills, as well as those opposed to them, have been read by the public. The bill for the free coinage of silver has been introduced and commented upon. The protestations of the anti-Hill faction have been uttered, the Cleveland Democrats are working, and the Whitney boom looks threatening. The Blaine withdrawal has left Harrison master of the Republican situation

Locally, the discovery of mines and gas wells, the Legislature and its work, the municipal election returns and the distribution of official favors, and the great Democratic and astonishing Republican gains, have kept the public pulse beating abnormally. All these things are of much concern, but our good people should not forget, in this time of sensations and startling social and political changes that we should have an interest

in all home enterprises and should assist in the development of home talents. These are too varied to be enumerated. We, however, call attention of all who are interested in good solid, home literature to the pleasing changes made in the organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. The introduction of half-tone engravings illustrating our articles was a happy

thought, making the magazine one of high class and sought after more than ever. The

articles on the Pilgrims are timely, preparing one for an appreciation of the anniversary of the discovery of this country. The magazine has been enlarged and volume thirteen will contain one hundred extra pages, and be improved in every way that the people's patronage will justify. The subscription is two dollars a year. Binding, fifty cents a volume.

For two dollars and twenty-five cents, in advance, we will send the magazine, bind it at the end of the year and return it post free. Send in your order at once for Volume Thirteen to THE CONTRIBUTOR Co., Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. P.O. Box 520

THE LATEST

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Statement for the year ending December 31, 1891

Assets, - - - \$159,507,138 68

Reserve on Policies (American Table 4%)	-	\$146,968,322 00
Liabilities other than Reserve,	-	507,849 52
Surplus,	-	12,030,967 16
Receipts from all sources,	-	37,034,731 53
Payments to Policy-Holders,	-	18,755,711 86
Risks assumed and renewed,	-	
104,470 policies,	-	607,171,801 00
Risks in force, 225,507 policies,	-	
amounting to	-	695,753,461 03

NOTE.—The above statement shows a large increase over the business of 1890 in amount at risk, new business assumed, payments to policy-holders, receipts, assets and surplus; and includes as risks assumed only the number and amount of policies actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year.

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans,	-	\$81,345,540 48
United States Bonds and other Securities,	-	57,661,455 78
Loans on Collateral Securities,	-	10,223,903 90
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest,	-	5,070,153 03
Interest accrued, Premiums Deferred, etc.,	-	5,206,085 49
	-	\$159,507,138 68

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.
January 25, 1892.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 23d day of December, ultimo, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1891, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approbation of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general is transacted.

H. C. VON POST, ROBERT SEWELL,
GEORGE BLISS, J. H. HERRICK,
JULIEN T. DAVIES, D. C. ROBINSON,
JAS. C. HOLDEN.

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, - General Manager.
FREDERIC CROMWELL, - - - - - Treasurer.
EMORY MCCLINTOCK, - - - - - Actuary.

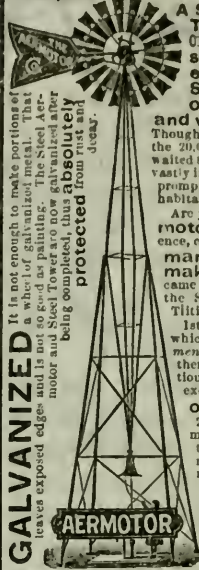
LOUIS HYAMS,

DISTRICT MANAGER FOR UTAH,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Good, active, responsible Agents wanted. Apply to Louis Hyams, District Manager, Salt Lake City, Utah.

45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92



A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes. These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "Take the Country."

Though sold, we were unable to make 5% of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders often waited 2 weeks to be filled, but now we have vastly increased our plant and are prepared promptly to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you curious to know how the Aermotor Co. in the 4th year of its existence, came to make many times as many windmills as all other makers combined? How we came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilting Tower?

1st. We commenced in a field in which there had been no improvement for 25 years, and in which there seemed no talent or ambition, and none has yet been shown, except in feeble imitation of our inventions.

2d. Before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, which settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vanesless mill, and many other more abstruse, though not less important questions. These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Co., that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and to the enormous output of its factory which enables it to furnish the best article at less than the poorest is sold for. For '92 we furnish the most perfect bearings ever put in a windmill, and have made an exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Towers.

If you want a strong, stiff, Steel Fixed Tower—only you want the tower you don't have to climb (the Steel Tilting Tower) and the Wheel that runs when all others stand still, that costs you less than wood and lasts ten times as long (The Steel Aermotor) or if you want a Geared Aermotor to sawn, grind, feed, pump water, turn grindstone and oak wood, that does the work of 4 horses at the cost of one (\$100), write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of windmill construction and work, to the AERMOTOR CO., 12th and Hickwell Sts., Chicago, or 27 and 29 Beale St., San Francisco.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS, RETAIL & WHOLESALE

72 TO MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY

NOVLTIES



HIGHLAND BRAND

EVAPORATED CREAM

Absolutely pure Milk evaporated to
a creamery consistence and

Thoroughly Sterilized

May be diluted with either Water
or fresh Milk to any desired consist-
ence.

Is equal to the best Dairy Cream,
but more convenient and economical.

If your grocer does not keep it, write
direct to **Jungk & Fabian**, Agents,

P.O. Box 693.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



To Consumers of Pure Lard.

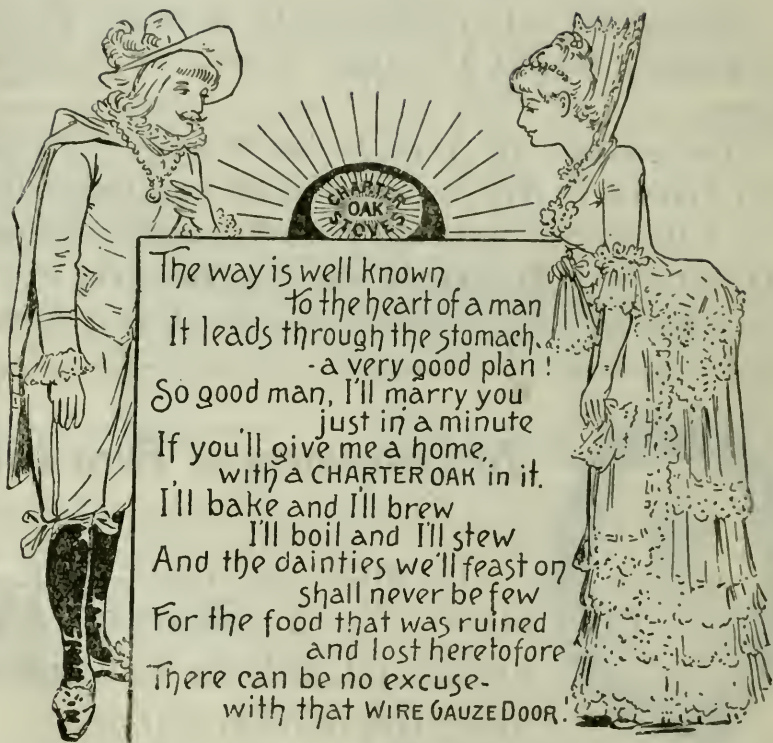
To meet the increasing de-
mand for a **Strictly Pure**
grade of Lard, we have placed
upon the market our

"WHITE LABEL" PURE LEAF LARD,

which we guarantee to be absolutely free
from all adulteration. To be had from the
leading wholesale and retail grocers through-
out Utah and the entire West.

JUNGK & FABIAN, Salt Lake City,

Agents for **ARMOUR PACKING CO., KANSAS CITY, MO**



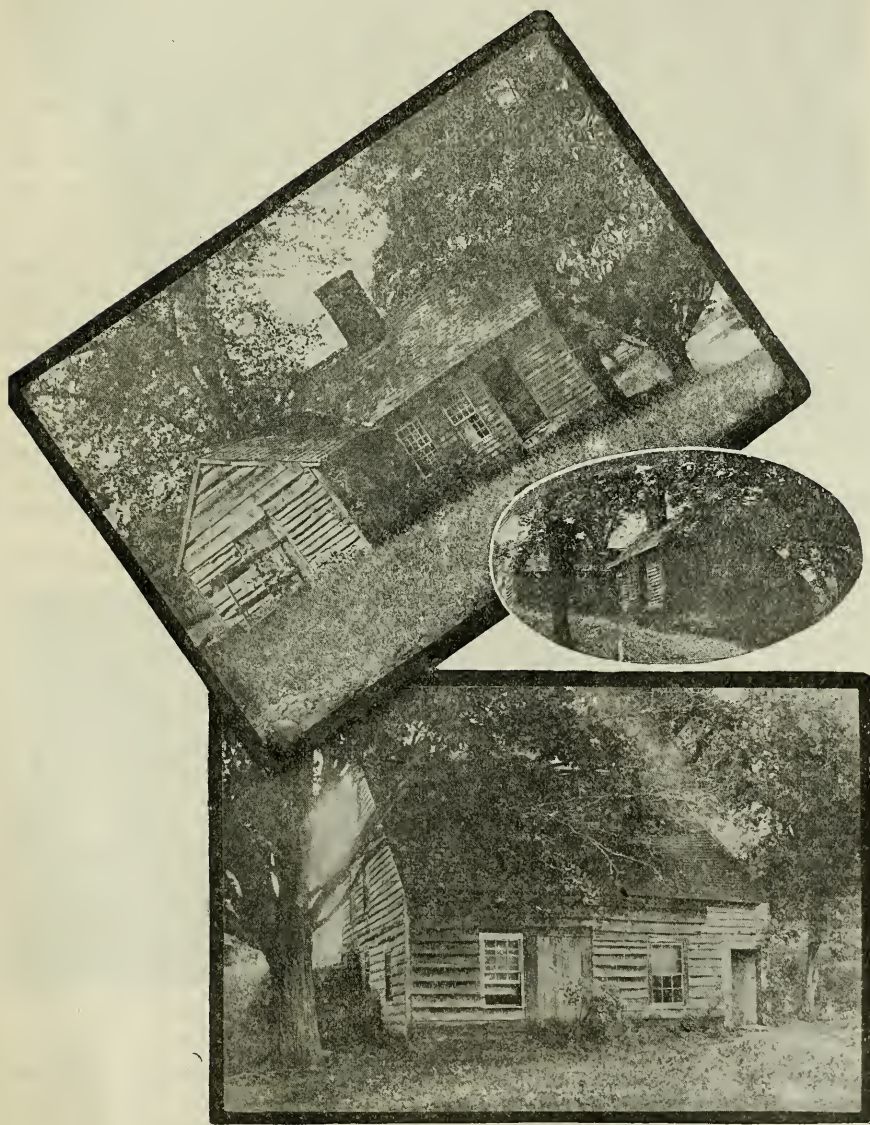
For Sale by Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents for Utah.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

NO. II.



BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT WOODRUFF. THREE VIEWS OF THE OLD HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN.

FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF is descended through an ancient and honorable lineage. His ancestors were among the first settlers in the county of Hartford in which he was born.

Farmington was first settled by whites

tered throughout the Union. In almost every northern and western State they are found among the most honorable and prosperous people.

Of the later ancestry of President Woodruff, we shall let him speak:

"I, Wilford Woodruff, searched the history of the Woodruffs in the English Book of Heraldry, in 1845, in London, and found two lineages or families; one spelled Woodroffe and the other Woodruff. The latter were those who came to America, from whom all the Woodruffs of America descended. Two of the Woodruffs came to America soon after the *Mayflower*, and finally settled in Hartford.

"My great-grandfather's name was Elijah Woodruff, born some time during 1600, and died in the

north part of Farmington, called Northington (now Avon), past one hundred years of age. I have not the names of his sons, except my grandfather's, whose name was Eldad Woodruff, born 1747, and died 1805, aged fifty-eight. His children were Eldad, Samuel, Titus, Aphek, Ozem, Elizabeth and Helen, all of whom are dead.

"My father's name was Aphek. He



THOMPSON HOMESTEAD—PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

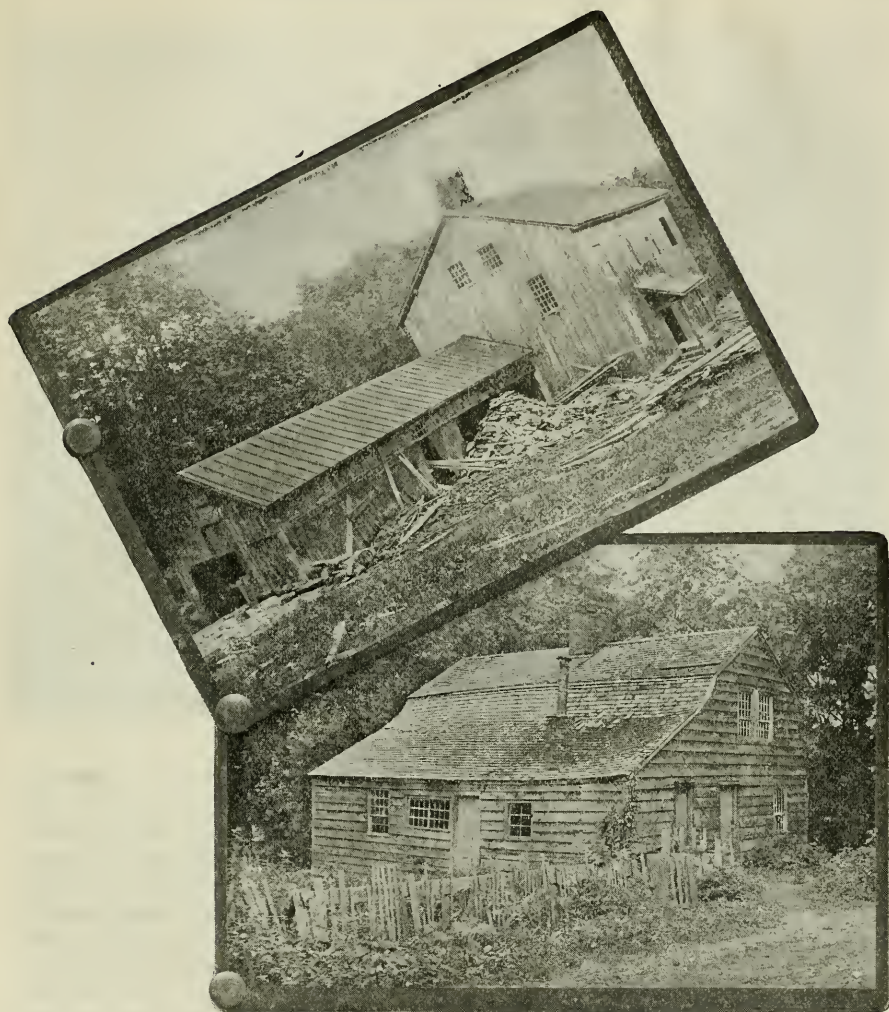
in 1640. The first settlers came from Hartford and were few in number. In 1645 the town received a charter as an independent commonwealth, and at that time the full town tax was only £10. Upon the ascension of King James II. to the throne of England, the colonists were fearful of royal encroachments upon their chartered rights; and they made application to the Colonial Legislature for a formal confirmation of their charter. Accordingly, a patent was granted to the original proprietors of the town, who now numbered eighty-four. Among them occurs the name of Matthew Woodruff, and from him, in direct line, is descended the family of President Woodruff.

The Thompson family was also among the early settlers in Farmington; and, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, we find these two family names perpetuated in the very regions where their ancestors first settled. The greater part, however, of their descendants are scat-



GRANDFATHER WOODRUFF'S OLD HOMESTEAD.

married Bulah Thompson, daughter of Lot Thompson, by whom he had three sons, Azmon, Thompson, and Wilford. My father, Aphek Woodruff, was born



1. OLD MILL AT AVON. 2 OLD MILL HOUSE AT FARMINGTON.

November 11th, 1778, and died in Salt Lake City, May 28th, 1861, aged eighty-two years and six months. My mother, Bulah Thompson Woodruff, was born 1782, and died June 11th, 1808, aged twenty-six years. Azmon was born November 29th, 1802, and died in Salt Lake County, January 14th, 1889, aged eighty-seven years. Thompson was born December 22nd, 1804, and still lives in Dayville, Oswego County, New York. Wilford was born March 1st 1807, and still lives.

"My father, Aphek Woodruff, married his second wife, Azubah Hart, by whom

he had five sons and one daughter, all of whom have been dead forty years.

The following Woodruffs are named in the History of New Britain, Connecticut:

"Simmons Woodruff, May 9th, 1739, Dr. Lucius Woodruff, Elijah and Joseph Woodruff, Noah and Elizabeth, Appleton, Truman, Joshua, Abraham and Sarah, Aphek, Ozem and Lydia, Azmon, Chauncey, Sally and Ephraim."

That from among all these good and honest, industrious and frugal people, one should be raised in our own time, to stand upon Mount Zion as a savior to his lineage, is one of the incomprehensible



HATCH HOUSE.*

facts of the world's history. It is a fact, however, and nothing can mar the lustre of the distinction with which the Gospel has hallowed the name of Wilford Woodruff. He has already done Temple work for several thousand of his ancestors, whereby they are made partakers with him in the covenants of the Gospel.

As to the land of his nativity, we quote from the Memorial History of Hartford County:

"It was in 1640 that the township of Farmington began to be occupied by white settlers, principally from Hartford. * * * We are not told who was the first adventurer who dared to penetrate the intervening forest and gazed upon the lovely vision of the meadows enclosed by the Tunxis and Pequabuck, near the centre of which arose the smokes of a considerable Indian settlement, and along the borders of which stretched the

attractive slopes which are now occupied by the village. * * * *

"We can more readily describe than realize the scene that presented itself to the few settlers who had separated themselves from the more flourishing towns of Connecticut, and had come here to dwell alone. Between them and their homes lay a continuous forest. * * * The huts of the natives were scattered here and there, while a large and central settlement appeared on the east bank of the river, where now stands their monument, the silent and only witness that they ever were here.

"Much of the descending slope from the mountain, along which now runs the village street, was more or less densely wooded, in some places it was moist and even marshy. At its foot lay the meadow. Beyond was the western forest, its border darkening the western hills quite down to their base, the terror of the Indian and the white man; for along its unknown tracts for hundreds of miles, roamed the dreaded Mohawks, to whom all the

* Eldad Woodruff, cousin of Prest. Woodruff and half-brother of Mrs. Hatch, owned this place and gave it to Mrs. Hatch, who took care of him until he died.

tribes in this region were tributary. * * *
 "The terror of the Mohawks rendered the presence of the English desirable, and disposed the Indians in all this region to a peaceable demeanor."

It was under these circumstances that those hardy pioneers began their settlement which continued to steadily grow, until, in 1700, it contained nearly as many houses as it now does. The forest had been cleared away in the village, but the western forest remained an unbroken wilderness.

The Indians were still numerous among them, and very friendly relations were maintained between them and their white neighbors. The Indians had their lands reserved for them. Some of them joined the Church, and some were taught in schools by the Minister.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, game became scarce, and the remnants of the tribe moved to Stockbridge, then to Oneida Co., N. Y., and finally to Green Bay in Wisconsin, only a fragment remaining behind.

The historian, in the following words, describes the pathetic closing scene: "The last male of unmixed blood was buried December 21, 1820, the day which completed the second century from the landing at Plymouth Rock, while the only surviving female stood trembling by the grave."

In 1840, a red sandstone monument was erected on the spot, which marks the burial place of the extinct race.

On one side of the monument is inscribed:

In Memory of the Indian Race; especially
 of the Tunxis Tribe, the ancient
 tenants of these grounds.

The many human skeletons here discovered confirm the tradition of the tribe that this spot was formerly a burying ground. Tradition further declares it to be the ground on which a sanguinary battle was fought between the Tunxis and Stockbridge Tribes. Some of the scattered remains have been re-interred beneath this stone.

The reverse side of the monument bears the following lines:

"Chieftains of a vanished race,
 In your ancient burial place,

By your father's ashes blest,
 Now in peace securely rest.
 Since on life you looked your last,
 Changes o'er your land have passed;
 Strangers came with iron sway,
 And your tribe has passed away.
 But your fate shall cherished be,
 In the stranger's memory;
 Virtue long her watch shall keep
 Where the red-men's ashes sleep."

We present some pictures of the house in which President Woodruff was born, and of the homes of his parents and his grandparents and their parents. You can see more old homesteads standing for more generations of honorable Puritan families, in and about Hartford and Farmington, than anywhere else in the United States, unless it may be in some parts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The old frame and clapboarded houses of President Woodruff's ancestors were well built upon good stone foundations, and they have stood up well against the storms of many winters. They have been painted and repaired over and over again, but they are still the same as they were, some a hundred, some two hundred years ago. These old homes are situated in a fair country to look upon, and though the soil may not be deep, and the timber has been cut away, the hills and vales, the nooks and crannies of a wonderfully picturesque landscape remain. No more delightful drive can be found than from Hartford through



THE ALLEN PLACE.

Farmington village, and across the old-fashioned covered bridge which spans the river there, as you go to Avon and West Avon, which are still in Farmington town, but are villages by themselves.

I drove out in the afternoon, and having called at the house of Mrs. L. W. Hatch, who is President Woodruff's own cousin, I was greeted with a hospitable kindness that made my stay so pleasant that my only regret was that it could not

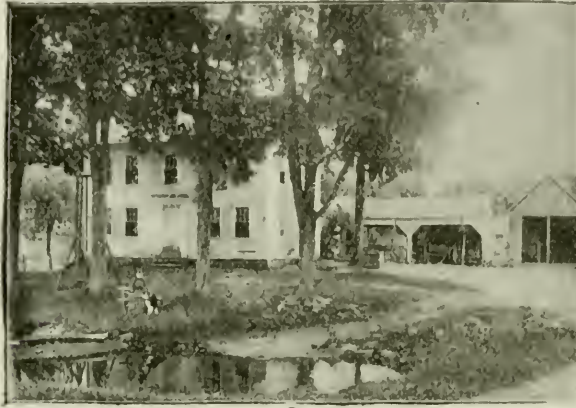
who lived about a quarter of a mile west of us, and the house of Lewis Allen.

"Mr. Allen's funeral was the second one I ever attended.

"I was at the bedside of Horace Judd when he died. It was the first time I ever witnessed a death. He seemed to die hard, and the scene made a strong impression on my mind, though I was but five years old.

"When I was twelve years old, I worked one year for the son of Horace Judd for four dollars per month. While at work for him I split my left in-step open with an ax, and it was many months in healing.

"The mystery to me is how all these buildings



UNCLE OZEM'S PLACE, WHERE MRS. HATCH WAS BORN.

be prolonged. Mrs. Hatch drove with me about the village, and pointed out the houses which we procured pictures of, and present in this number. Copies of these views were sent to President Woodruff, and he was much pleased with them. They brought vividly before his mind many incidents of his boyhood, to which he warmly refers in the following letter of acknowledgment:

"*Elder Junius F. Wells,*

"DEAR BROTHER:—Please accept of my grateful acknowledgments and sincere thanks for the eleven photograph likenesses you sent me, representing scenes of the home of my birth and the birth place of my father and grandfather Woodruff, and of my mother and my grandfather Lot Thompson.

"The saw-mill and flouring mill of my grandfather Eldad Woodruff and, after him, of my father Aphek Woodruff, were occupied by my father from the time he was fourteen years old until his death, and by myself from childhood to manhood.

"The home in Farmington my father and I occupied for fifteen years, while working the Farmington mills. In the views of the neighbors' houses, I recognize at once the house of Horace Judd

have been kept in such a good state of preservation, considering that nearly all of them are more than one hundred and fifty years old. They all look as natural as life to me, and these likenesses bring vividly before me the scenes of my childhood.

"I can point out the place in the saw-mill where Sam Norton permitted me, when I was only seven years old, to ride on the log carriage, and where I caught my leg between the fender post and the head block and broke it. I can also remember the place in the dwelling house where I fell down the stairs and broke my arm, trying to get away from a switch which my father was using to punish me for playing in the chamber on Sunday, something strongly opposed to the Blue Laws of Connecticut.

"I can point to the identical spot on the ridge pole of our house, where my father placed me one Sunday to listen to the bombardment of New London by the British, in 1812, on which occasion that city was burned by them. I can also point to the spot on Grandfather Thompson's house, my mother's birth place, where I fell from the porch and broke my arm.

"Ozem Woodruff's house looks very

natural. I baptized him and his wife Hannah Hart and two children in 1837, in fulfillment of a dream I had when I was eight years of age. He has been dead several years; Aunt Hannah died about a year ago, over ninety years old. Their daughter Marinda W. Hatch occupies the old homestead. She is the only relation I have in Connecticut who now corresponds with me. You are acquainted with Marinda Hatch, for it was she who assisted you in selecting and obtaining these views. I preached in their house the last time I was in Avon, over fifty years ago.

"I prize the view of my grandfather and grandmother Woodruff's tombstones on which is inscribed the following:

In Memory of
Lieut. Eldad Woodruff, who
Departed this Life Dec. 28th,
1805, in the 58th year of his age.
Pity the weeping Widow's woe
And be her Counselor and Stay
Adopt the Fatherless and Smooth
To useful happy life their way.

In
Memory of
Wid. Dinah, wife of
Eldad Woodruff
who Died
June 12, 1825
Æ. 72.

"As my mother, Bulah Thompson Woodruff, died when I was only fifteen months old, my grandmother, Dinah Woodruff, took care of me. I was with her in her last sickness.

"When I was quite young, I fell into a caldron of hot water, and when I was caught out, my skin came off with my clothing. I was wrapped in cotton and oil for a long time, and it was almost a miracle that my life was preserved at all.

"My father had in connection with his flouring mill, a kiln for drying corn; when the corn was dried and ground it was put

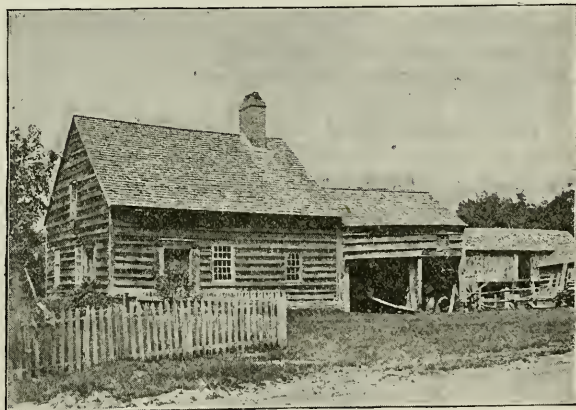
into large casks and shipped abroad, during the war of 1812.

"The corn was carried in a spout from the upper story to the Kiln, and thin boards were nailed on as a partition under the spout over the kiln. One night while playing "hiding coop" with some boys, I hid myself under the spout, and, crowding too hard against the partition, the whole side, about ten feet square, gave way and fell some ten feet with me in the wreck, and striking Sam Norton on top of his head, crushed him to the floor. I heard more swearing in a minute than I had heard in many a day before. Neither of us was badly hurt, but it broke up our play for the night.

"When I was twelve years of age, I was miraculously preserved from drowning in the Farmington river. I laid long enough under twenty feet of water to have drowned several men.

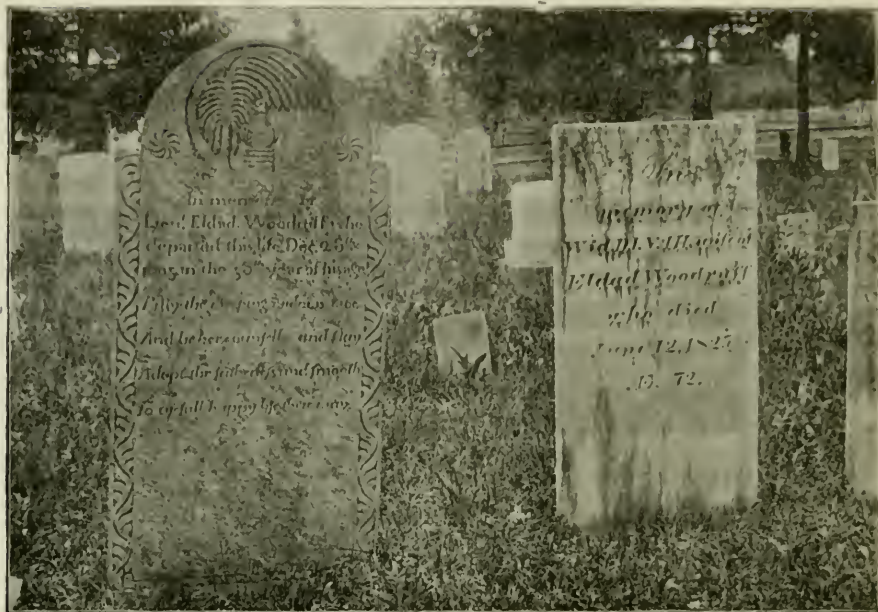
"When I was fifteen years old, I was bitten by a mad dog in the last stages of hydrophobia, through the thick of my hand, and only escaped a horrible death by his not drawing blood.

"When I was seventeen years of age, my uncle, Adna Hart, loaned me a horse to ride seven miles, to hire out for the season. This horse was of a vicious disposition, which I did not know. In going over a rocky ridge, I got off and walked a short distance.



THE OLD JUDD PLACE.

When I undertook to get on again, he kicked up and I landed on the top of his



TOMBS OF PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S GRANDPARENTS.

head. He plunged down the rocky ridge while I was sitting on his neck, one hand hold of each ear, running into a rock about breast high, and I was thrown over the rock. I struck the ground upon my feet, but my left leg was broken in two places and both my ankles thrown out of joint. A man who saw me fall got help and carried me to my Uncle Titus Woodruff's. My father and a doctor were sent for, seven miles away. The doctor set my leg and my ankles, and with my leg boxed up I was carried home seven miles that night. I laid abed some seven weeks before I got onto my crutches.

"Thus, by the time I was seventeen years old I had had both arms, both legs, and both ankles broken, but through the blessings of God and good surgical skill they have done me good service up to the present time.

"These are some of the recollections of my childhood, recalled by the views you presented to me.

"Your Brother,

"Wilford Woodruff."

I went all over President Woodruff's old birthplace, from the inside of the old bake oven by a wide and flaring fireplace to the garret, from the steep,

sloping, unhewn rafters of which I broke off bits of bark and brought them away, as reminders of the hardy settlers who cut the trees which made them, from the primeval forests, that have disappeared. It is an inexpressible pleasure to visit such places, and while no doubt the spirits of those who formerly dwelt in them, have better occupation than hovering about the old firesides, still you feel while there that the chain which binds you to them has closer and firmer links, and you cannot but rejoice that once they lived on the earth in these old rookeries of houses, though now they may be in Heaven.

I was there only part of a day, and one night, but the memory of it will remain with me forever, for I felt that I was on sacred ground in treading the paths of one of God's holiest prophets of modern times, as much as the pilgrims in Palestine do, in visiting the scenes of the Holy Land

Junius F. Wells.

A flirtation is a smile today, a cry tomorrow and a blush every day thereafter.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, the measure, that it is without excess.—*H. G. Adams.*

THE APPROACH OF THE ARMY.

AN EPISODE.

Ten years—a decade of stern toil
Had proved the fiber of the soil,
Whose tension drawn in desert throes
Held scarce a tinge of hope for those
Who from the mountain's vantage place
First saw the sparsely verdured space,
And placed their lot, their faith and will
In its lone wild for good or ill.

In isolation—held apart
From the world's aiding hand or heart,
The band of pilgrims in the vale
Had seen the desert's sternness fail,
The sage-bush and the stubble bleed
By cannonade of plough and seed—
And looking on the former scene
Across the vale's brave gold and green,

Held that some demonstration rare
The coming natal date should bear—
A scene of joy in novel way
To mark the decadal birth-day—
A festal picnic in some spot,
Whose loneliness should tinge the thought
With visions of that early sight
Whose wild had yielded to their might.

What place so fitted to be made
The natal shrine of the decade
As that fair vale midst snowy hoods
Of peaks that crown the cottonwoods?
Fair "Silver Lake" thy honored fate
It was to be the scene of state;
Vale of the emerald mead and lake
Of foaming streams, of pine-tree brake
And balsam forest; vale whose guard
Of snow mailed mountains pile the sward
With scented shades; whose narrow trails
Wind from smooth levels to the pales
Of peaks whose guarded hollows hold
Wealth rare as rainbow's fabled gold—
Lakes such as Mary's jewelled tide
And diamond rills that flashing glide.
Crests from whose vantage some new world
Of beauty is fore'er unfurled.
Green slopes whose prescient spirit weaves
Wild dryad dreams in flowers and leaves—
Bright rainbow births of tangled vines
And starlight of the columbines
Gleaming from boulders and brown trees,
Huge captives lulled in floral ease—
Sweet vale, we, now, who oft among
Thy trancing scenes have walked and sung—
Can lend a loud applauding voice
To hail the wisdom of thy choice.

As the set day drew on apace,
The people crowded to the place—



"Vale of the emerald mead and lake,
Of foaming streams, of pine-tree brake."

See page 41.

And the vale which ne'er had heard
 Sound save the song of bee or bird,
 Resounded with a people's glee
 Filling the hills with jubilee.
 First in all time the pine trees shape
 The nation's flags and banners drape,
 And ranged beneath them Ballou's band
 Discoursed sweet music from the stand
 Whence later, well the leaders told
 The eventful history of old—
 Recalled the hardships of their flight—
 The cricket's and the locust's blight,
 Dwelt on the scene whose aspect drear
 Greeted the weary pioneer—
 Joining at length in praise and prayer
 To that high power whose watchful care
 Had kept them thus preserved to see
 This scene of peace and jubilee.

So passed the morn; but ere the sun
 Across the high meridian run
 Two weary horsemen from the vale
 (Deserted for the festival)
 Late traveled from the alien east
 (From whence for long all word had ceased)
 Rode up the canyon—white with dust,
 Their faces pale with sense of trust
 Whose secret, hidden in each breast,
Held portent to this scene of rest.
 Quick as they rode upon the view
 The multitude about them drew,
 Eager for news beyond those trails
 Denied the traffic of the mails—
 But little dreaming of the word
 Whose fateful sense their pulses stirred.

Recounting o'er the less events
 Befalling since they journeyed hence—
 Both told a story of strange signs
 Meeting them on the far confines
 Of the wide desert; how, set out
 Face westward on the homeward route—
 Were passed long, army wagon-trains,
 Winding the lonely desert plains,
 Towards some mysterious goal—so sent
 By order of the government—
 Though none could tell the primal source
 Or plan of the important course

Such answers to their questions made;
 The wagon Jehus full arrayed
 In martial uniform; the groups
 Seen by the way of armed troops—
 Rumors of some great martial quest
 Leading the armies to the west—
 These and such other signs as war
 Draws in the circle of its star,
 Roused in each memory-darkened breast
 A troubled fear, a dire unrest—
 And turning back, they found full lined
 By certain word, the fears defined

Half vaguely by such signs—the word
That armed forces westward stirred
With orders thence to march and take
The city by the desert lake.

All stood transfixed their joy and cheer
Changed by the news to dread and fear;
Then once again with brows compressed,
The leaders the hushed throng addressed.

"Tis meet this word of doom should fall
Upon this day of festival,
This day thus dedicate to praise
For blessings on our fruitful days—
Should hail the message now that brings
The news of these foul threatenings.
'Tis the same spirit now we face
That follows us from place to place
No loneliest spot—no isle—no state
Can shield us from the vicious hate
That has pursued us one and all
Since first we heard the Prophet's call.

"Driven from Missouri and Nauvoo,
Across the desert waste we drew,
And in these wilds, apart from men,
Built up our peaceful homes again.
Now when the desert valley glows
With golden grain, with leaf and rose,
Now once again the spoiler's arm
Is thus upraised to work us harm.
Even now an hostile army comes
Plotting woe to our fair homes;
As of old comes to despoil
Fruits of all our years of toil.
We have suffered oft before
By the pillages of war—
Left our homes, our wealth, our lands
To the greed of alien hands;
Seen the bayonet and sword
Drawn against a state's proud word,
Till we yielded every right
To their treachery and might—
Never shall such deeds again
Find us plaint—now like men—
Whether exile, woe or death
Meet our courage and our faith—
We will make a valiant fight
For our liberty and right!
And if faith and courage fail
'Gainst the foes that shall assail—
They shall find the spot as drear
As the first who gathered here;
Not a blade of grass nor wheat
Shall their longing glances greet;
Not a roof in all the land
For our enemies shall stand.
To each orchard, field, and thatch
We will set a lighted match—
Flames shall banish every trace
Of the cheer of this fair place.

They may come and claim the soil
Garnished by our care and toil,
But our homes shall never more
Shelter them who ride us o'er!"

Through these words deep silence—then,
From the throng a loud amen
Told that each strong hand and heart
In that work would bear a part.

Down the canyon winding slow,
In the afternoon's warm glow,
Now in hushed and solemn mood
Passed the gathered multitude;
Every thought on effort bent
For the coming dread event.

When at last the mandate came,
By the nation's seal and name,
Bidding them in faith prepare
For the troops to station there—
Then from council long and grave
Thus the people answer gave:

"We have scorned no single law
Thus upon our heads to draw
From the nation such recourse—
Thus to place an armed force
In the city's peaceful bound;—
When some rightful cause is found
We will hearken—but till then
We shall fight as injured men—
Men who read the secret thought
In the dregs of this foul plot."

Days and weeks passed slowly by
Whilst the army drawing nigh
Waited for the final word
By the nation's will deferred.
Waited while throughout the land
Praises for the little band—
Praise from people and from press,
Cheered them in their dire distress.
Praise that thus in peril strong
Standing firm against the wrong,
Fighting for their freedom's dower
Thus they braved a nation's power.

So a dreary winter passed,
And revoked the word at last
Which had willed an armed might
Quartered in the city's sight.
Claiming but the troops might rest
In some valley to the west,
Should some proper site be found
Far beyond the city's bound.

And the people loath to make
More resistance for sheer sake
Of the bloodshed that must be
Fruits of such hostility—
Yielded to the proffered terms,
Though their hearts still held the germs

Of distrust—lest cherished hate
 Still should compass some dread fate,
 Fearing still that scenes of death
 Should reward once more their faith,
 From the vale the people took
 Leave with tearful, farewell look,
 With their wagons wending far
 South, beyond the mountain bar.
 While within the lonely vale,
 Men with faces stern and pale,
 Stayed beside each empty porch—
 Keeping guard with match and torch
 Over all—in secret stayed—
 Roofed their homes with straw, and laid
 Heaps of brush in every field,
 Should the coming army yield
 Signs of hostile thought or deed,
 Such as made their former meed
 When they trusted to the word
 By a State's high seal averred.

Thus the army passing through
 Saw a strange and solemn view;
 From the roofs no rings of smoke
 Of a cheerful home-fire spoke—
 Cottage windows held no face;
 No one stirred throughout the place
 In the silent, shut abodes;
 Grass grew thick in all the roads—
 Weeds and alien creepers scarred
 Lawns and walls in every yard.
 This, the army passing through
 To the Oquirrh's line of blue,
 Saw—a grim and solemn show
 In the summer's amber glow.

Riding through the lonely place
 With a trim and martial pace,
 Whilst the troops in wonder stared,
 Swift the brave commander bared
 His gray head—deep-thrilled at sight
 Of the valley's scene of blight.

Passed the danger drawn thus near;
 Passed the days of dread and fear—
 But their memory still knows
 Praise alike from friends and foes.
 Praise for courage and high faith
 Thus to challenge fate of death
 Standing 'gainst a nation's might
 For a cherished sense of right.

Long held hatreds pass away—
 Wrong is conquered day by day;
 And when dawns the nobler light—
 Broader thought, and clearer sight—
 Praise shall ring in prose and rhyme
 For the heroes of that time.

Josephine Spencer.

THE CROSS.

It is a very common idea that the cross, as a religious or mystic symbol has been employed as such only since the advent of the Christian religion; and further, that its use has been confined to those nations which are professedly Christian. But a study of the sculptures of ancient Egypt, Assyria, India, America and other lands, besides other authentic sources of information, clearly shows this to be a mistake, as these ancient works point to a period long anterior to the birth of Christianity.

The precise date when the cross was first publicly used as a religious symbol is not certainly known, but it was not probably within some hundreds of years after the martyrdom of the Savior. Although the early Christians were zealous and devout, and willing to face death in testimony of their faith, yet the natural instinct of self preservation compelled them to be very cautious, in order to avoid persecution and death, and for this reason they held their meetings as much as possible in secret. To avow publicly their belief in Christ was simply to invite confiscation of property and death. But in the fourth century christianity had made such progress that multitudes openly professed it. In the year A. D. three hundred and twenty-four, as Constantine, the Roman emperor, was marching against Maxentius, as is related by Eusebius the eminent Bishop and historian, the Roman emperor and his whole army beheld in the noonday heaven a luminous cross upon which was inscribed "*Hac vince*,"—"by this conquer." He also states that the next night Christ himself appeared to him in a dream bearing a similar cross, and commanded the emperor to make a standard of that form, which would assure him victory against his enemies. Constantine framed his cross of a long pike with a cross bar, while upon its point was a monogram of the name of the Savior and a sign on the cross. This standard, called the *Labarum*, thus became the future banner of the Roman army, and was placed in charge of fifty chosen men of approved courage or defense as a sacred symbol. In the

battle with Maxentius which followed, Constantine gained the victory, and immediately announced publicly his conversion to Christianity, and invited all his subjects to follow his example.

The cross was not a new thing in the days of the Savior; for ages it had been used as an instrument of torture and death by most of the nations of the East. When Titus, the Roman general was besieging Jerusalem, he caused two thousand Jews to be crucified at once near the walls in order to intimidate the rebellious Jews.

We will remark in passing, that crucifixion was undoubtedly the most agonizing death possible. The victim was suspended upon the cross by spikes driven through his hands or wrists and feet, and thus, as no vital parts were injured, he hung in unspeakable agony from three to five days according to his strength and vigor, until physical pain caused his death. Jesus hung upon the cross from nine a.m., until three p.m.—six hours only—and this was considered so miraculous that the Roman centurions who conducted the execution said "Truly this man was the Son of God." The two men crucified with Jesus were killed by breaking their legs, so they should not hang on the cross during the next day—Saturday, the Sabbath.

The sign of the cross in all the ages previous to the time of the Savior was a common and most sacred symbol. Its form was copied in building temples above ground, and in great subterranean temples and caves like those of Elephanta and Ellora in India,, It was delineated upon the walls of palaces and temples, upon cliffs, upon sepulchral walls, and on coins, medals and vases. Similar remains also exist in Great Britain; and upon hundreds of the temples and pyramids in America found by the Spaniards in the conquest of Mexico and Central America, the cross was found engraved in almost the identical form as seen upon ancient Egyptian monuments.

The Spanish missionaries who first came to Mexico were amazed to find the cross as devoutly worshipped by the

natives as by themselves, and could only account for it on the supposition that St. Thomas the Apostle had at some time preached in America; or else that it was some device of the devil. They found it engraved almost everywhere, and in great variety of form, not only upon ruined temples and palaces, but upon those still in use. It was the most conspicuous ornament in the great temple of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan.

But whence this wonderful, this universal prevalence of the sign of the cross all over the world? The most reasonable solution of this question seems this:—That all these peoples derived a knowledge of the cross from some common source. Their ancestors, in the dim past had known the gospel which was preached to Adam after the fall, and doubtless the messengers who promised redemption through the death of the Savior, also told the manner of that death. The cross, then, upon which that promised Savior was to die, would thus naturally become an object of reverence among those who believed. As ages rolled by and men dwindled in darkness and unbelief, they lost all true knowledge of the gospel, retaining only some of its most prominent symbols and forms, and thus was perpetuated among all nations the sign and sanctity of the cross.

But if the cross thus became an object of reverence, why would it be used as an instrument of torture and death? The answer is plain—then, as now, the world was full of wicked men who delighted in ridiculing and defiling all things esteemed sacred, and in the relentless persecutions waged against the righteous would gladly make that which the saints so deeply revered the instrument of their torture and death. It has always been a delight to the wicked to wound their victims through that which is most dear to them.

We close this brief sketch with a quotation from an article published in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1870: "Of the several varieties of the cross still in vogue, as national or ecclesiastical emblems in this and other European States, and distinguished by the familiar appellations of St George, St. Andrew, the Maltese, the

Greek, the Latin, etc., there is not one among them, the existence of which may not be traced to the remotest antiquity. They were the common property of the eastern nations. No revolutions or other casualty has wrought any perceptible change or difference in their several forms or delineations; they have passed from one hemisphere to the other intact; have survived dynasties, empires, and races; have been borne on the crest of each successive wave of Aryan population in its course towards the west: and, having been reconsecrated in later times by their descendants, are still recognized as national and military badges of distinction.

"Among the earliest known types is the *crux ansata*, vulgarly called 'the key of the Nile,' because of its being found sculptured so frequently upon Egyptian and Coptic monuments. It has, however, a very much older and more sacred signification than this. It was the Symbol of Symbols, the mystical *Tau*, 'the hidden wisdom,' not only of the ancient Egyptians, but also of the Chaldeans, Phoenicians, Mexicans, Peruvians, and of every other ancient people commemorated in history, in either hemisphere, and is formed similarly to our letter T with an oval at the top. Thus it was figured on the gigantic emerald or glass statue of Serapis, which was transported (293 B. C.) by order of Ptolemy Soter from Sinope; on the Black Sea, re-erected within that famous labyrinth on the banks of Lake Moeres, and destroyed by the army of Theodosius (A. D. 389) despite the entreaties of the Egyptian priesthood to spare it, because it was the emblem of their God and of the 'life to come.' * *

"The Buddhists and Brahmins, who together constitutes nearly half the population of the world, tell us that the figure of the cross, whether in simple or complex form, symbolizes the traditional happy abode of their primeval ancestors."

Santiago.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life—we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices.

VERA'S GUARDIAN.

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

THE scorching rays of a July sun beat down with merciless fervor upon the little town of—what shall we call it? Well, Meridan will do as well as anything; for though our heroine positively forbids the mention of real names, yet the town was there, the sun was there, and all things transpired just as I am about to relate them.

Notwithstanding the withering heat, there is an air of unusual bustle apparent, as though something out of the common had transpired, or was transpiring. Pedestrians are in great numbers, wending their way to one common point, and that point is the meeting house. As we meet and pass them, however, we notice how grave are all their countenances, and in what subdued tones they converse with or greet one another. For, dear reader, the occasion is that of a funeral; not of one grown old in years of service, who lays down his tired body for a welcome and much needed rest; but of one who was yesterday full of life and vigor, and energy; but who today lies still, and cold, and lifeless, laid low by a sudden and apparently unavoidable accident.

Of course, everybody who can stir out must go to the funeral; for Conrad Mason, although comparatively a newcomer, has by his energy, intelligence, and good humor, gained access to the hearts of the majority of the citizens of Meridan. Then there is his interesting young wife, as rather widow, and her dear little child; they must not be neglected. So a few go out of earnest sympathy and a desire to comfort, which is evinced in a quiet but effectual manner; some go from a sense of duty, many out of curiosity, and these are loudest of all in their lamentations.

Pale and silent, the young wife sits in her place as chief mourner, rigid as though carved from marble. The great tragedy being enacted in her life seems to have frozen up the very fountains of feeling. Her expression is one of dazed terror, mingled with a hopelessness that is far more touching than a more violent

form of grief would be. When her eyes rest for a moment upon the cold clay before her, so like, yet so unlike him she yesterday called husband, a low moan escapes her lips, but not a tear dims the restless brightness of her eyes.

Mechanically she listens to the funeral services, and long afterwards she remembers the thought occurring to her, how like a huge serpent the funeral train appeared, as it wound slowly over the arid plain; and she shuddered as she thought of its mission, to hide from her sight forever the form and features of him who had so long held her heart in his keeping.

Leaving her own home, Vera went to live, for the time being, with her husband's mother, Mrs. Mason. She went about her duties in her usual quiet manner, and was at times even cheerful; so that ere long there came to her ears comments of praise of how heroically she was bearing her trouble. One friend, poetically inclined, evinced his admiration of her conduct in verse; and as he but echoed the sentiments expressed by others, it would perhaps be as well to insert them. They were headed simply—

TO VERA.

"I saw thee ere the light of thy life
Grew dark 'neath clouds of sorrow;
When thy happy heart was full and rife
With bright hopes for to-morrow.
Again I saw thee cast down in woe,
With love's bright crown all shattered,
Bowed down in grief, no more to know
Those hopes so rudely scattered.
And through it all, thy woman's heart
Upheld thee, all undaunted;
You bore your cross, you took your part,
With man's firm strength, so vaunted.
Oh, strong, brave heart, oh, clear, calm eyes!
Oh, soft, white hand so rounded!
You give me hope, and bid me rise,
O'er trials, though all unbounded.
Live on, dear heart, and may that peace,
That passeth understanding,
Rest on thy head, and joys increase,
Beyond thy heart's demanding."

How little we can judge from outward appearances the inward struggles of the soul! He who knows the hearts of the

children of men has said: "Judge not," and surely the reason is obvious. Even those who knew Vera best, were deceived by her outward semblance, indeed, had not the least inkling of her inward struggle against hopelessness and despair. Only those who have been called to pass through the same kind of trouble can realize what it means to have the hopes and plans of a life time, albeit a short one, swept away without a moment's warning; and themselves left, like a noble vessel, which has been dashed upon a cruel reef, and there left stranded, at the mercy of winds and waves, in danger of utter destruction, and with little or no hope of succor.

In this lamentable condition of mind Vera found herself at the end of ten days after the funeral, and growing to feel worse every day. One night, after an unusually depressing day, she retired to rest, and lay awake far into the night, thinking—thinking of everything, almost, that had ever transpired in her lifetime; but most of all, of him who was gone.

Somehow, heaven seemed brought much nearer now that he was there, and it seemed to Vera that to-night, more than usual, she could almost reach out her hand and touch him. Thinking these thoughts, she fell asleep and dreamed.

Now, if any one gift of the Holy Ghost had ever been accorded this earnest Latter-day disciple of Christ, it was the gift of dreams and their interpretation. Many a time and oft had she been blessed with dreams of a consoling or a warning character, and this was to be no exception.

It seemed that she and a number of the young people of Meridan went down to the river to bathe. While walking around upon the banks, gazing upon the rather turbid looking water, Vera's attention was unconsciously drawn a short distance down the stream. Standing in the center of a grassy plot, and dressed in a tasteful bathing suit, stood her husband, looking as natural as in life. Pleased, yet awed, Vera timidly approached him. Laying her hand upon his arm, and feeling it, unexpectedly, to

be tangible as in natural life, she said:—"Conrad, is it really you, and are you not dead after all?" A most pleasant and happy smile illumined his face as he replied:—"Yes, Vera, I am what they call dead; but, darling, I am not far from you; I shall always be near you, and if you get into any trouble, will be able to help you."

While talking to Conrad, the waters of the river had been getting darker and more turbid with each passing moment, observing which, Vera mentally resolved not to go into it. Conrad apparently read her thoughts, for when she made this resolution, he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. When Vera glanced up again, expecting to see him still at her side, she was alone.

When Vera awoke, the sun was shining brightly in at her window, while the song of the birds and perfume of the flowers seemed to resume some of their old sweetness. A peaceful calm prevailed her hitherto turbulent and confused spirit. She felt that she could now go forward on her life's journey with some degree of hope for the future; for was not *he* still to be her guide and guardian; had not he promised to be ever near her to help and comfort, although invisible to her mortal eyes?

Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months and the months had told almost a year of her widowhood, when Vera returned to her childhood's home. She had felt that old ties and associations might help to divert her mind from its trouble. So here she was once more, in the dear old rambling place which she had in her youth named the "Wilderness," because of its rich profusion of flowers, shrubs, vines and trees, growing promiscuously, without regard to art or order. Parents, brothers and sisters, vied with each other in making her welcome. Old friends, as many as were left, soon gathered around her. But of the latter, some of the dearest had been called to their eternal home. Many had married and moved away; so that to Vera, the old town never again seemed as in the days of her happy girlhood. Perhaps the change was more

in herself than others; I am inclined to believe that such is often the case, where it appears to our distorted vision that the change is altogether in those around us.

Four years passed away quietly and monotonously enough. To Vera, living with no special object beyond caring for the physical and spiritual wants of herself and child, they were wearisome in the extreme. The exhilarating effects of her dream had passed off, and nothing had transpired since to infuse new hope into her being. True, she had many friends, and there were not a few who sought to dispel old memories by inducing her to take upon herself new ties and responsibilities. Toward these last her tender and womanly feelings turned in warmest friendship; for, though she could not make up her mind to change her condition, she was grateful for the love and attention bestowed upon her, and usually managed to retain her rejected suitors as her warm friends—a rare faculty in woman.

Matters went on in this way for a long time, with little prospect of a change; when, one night, Vera lay upon her pillow, revolving in her mind her present condition and her future. She never really knew whether she was sleeping or waking; but suddenly she seemed to be having a conversation or an argument with herself, or some being representing herself, who seemed to reason thus:—

"Vera, the passing years are leased to thee of God, to be filled up by true and earnest endeavor, to the fulfilment of the grand object of thy creation. Thine the duty to speed the cause of, and do a work for him that's gone before, even as he is now engaged elsewhere in laboring for your mutual advancement.

"Waste not the precious hours away in idle longings for a past that's gone beyond recall; but seek some true mate, and fill with him the cup of life full to overflowing with love and all good works. So when thy labor in this mortal life is done, thou canst step forward to the great beyond with firm and fearless tread, confident of a joyous welcome from thine early love, for life-work nobly done."

To Vera, thoughts and feelings such as these, and under such circumstances, were inspiration; to be thus inspired was resolution; and to resolve was, with one of her nature, to do. So, with an earnest mind, and prayer for guidance, she set about her self-appointed task.

II.

Having come to the decision already described, Vera began her task by making a study of all who had sought her society with a view to matrimony. There was Charles W.—young, handsome, moral and unmarried; also Jimmie—teasing, cheerful, brown eyed Jimmie; both fairly good alliances from a worldly standpoint. From these she turns at once, for she could never think of marrying again except for time only, which she knew would be an injustice to them, no matter how willingly they might take the step.

Then there was Brother M., a widower with a family of small children—she might perhaps do as much good there as anywhere. She thought seriously over this opportunity of changing her state, almost persuading herself that it was her duty to go and take charge of those forlorn little motherless children. But when the next day the worthy man called to see her and told her that "Henny was down with the measles, and Hanner had sent over her bunnit to see if she would fix it,"—poor Vera gazed upon his honest countenance, broad and good natured, but devoid of intellectuality, and thought; "No, no! not there! It would be a union of hands, and a total alienation of hearts. Preserve me from such a fate!"

There was one, however, who from her early girlhood, had known and loved her, and whom she had ever estimated as a very dear brother and friend. When in her enumeration she reached him, she stopped, and made no attempt to go further; for her heart told her that here was one upon whom she could lean in safety. True, he was married, and olive branches were growing up around his hearth and home; but these facts only enhanced his value in Vera's eyes; for she saw in him a true and devoted

husband and father, and a staunch and faithful friend. More than all, he had proven his fidelity to his convictions of right by embracing that pure, celestial law revealed from on high, and living it in a manner that entirely met Vera's approbation.

To be sure, if she entered into marital relations with this man of her choice, she would encounter more or less of sacrifices and inconveniences, for already press and politicians had arrayed themselves in opposition to the principle of Plural Marriage; and there was even talk of special legislation to put down that "horrible immorality" among the Mormons. These things troubled Vera very little. She was firmly grounded in the belief that the principle was a righteous one and the only one by which the highest celestial state could be acquired. She had always felt in her heart a desire to do something extra to prove the sincerity of her belief, and here was an opportunity. "If I can but do my part," she told herself, "I can without fear trust the rest to Him who holds the destinies of individuals as well as nations in His hands."

So there came a day when Vera Mason became Vera Irving. Because of the troublesome times, the matter was kept very quiet, and very few knew anything of it, however much they might have conjectured. For the same reason the old life of both was continued for some time, in hopes of a change for the better. This change not taking place as anticipated, and considering they would not be justified in living so any longer, they resolved to fulfill the obligations they had taken upon themselves let the result be what it might. Before many months, Vera found it necessary to leave home or bring upon the defenceless head of her husband the utmost rigor of a law which had been framed for such as he. With a brave heart she set out, and soon found herself among comparative strangers, poor in health and purse; but rich in faith and spiritual blessings.

Strange it would have been, indeed, if, under such conditions, she had not had some gloomy hours. One thing troubled

her greatly. She feared that her husband could not be with her at an approaching period when she felt she most needed his love and care. Filled with these thoughts by day, she dreamed them at night, and the subject became one of intense worry. In the meantime had passed that great and unexpected event, the issuance of the manifesto against the practice of plural marriage. Although in her heart she felt that it was right, and the only thing to do, it did not tend to brighten her depressed spirits. Worried and harrassed by conjecture and doubt, it was then her old gift returned to her. It happened in this wise:—

One night, after an especially dreary day, she retired to rest, and dreamed that she was about to start out on a long and difficult journey, which had to be accomplished by foot. The beaten track seemed to pass over a series of steep, rocky, and barren hills. In many places it was also muddy and slippery. Vera wondered how, in her feeble state, she would ever be able to surmount the difficulties before her. Accompanying her were several men whom she did not recognize as individuals of her acquaintance, but who seemed to be special friends provided to aid her by their presence and assistance. One in particular made it his special duty to assist her over the worst places they encountered. As they pursued their journey, the road became rougher, steeper, and more muddy, and then Vera noticed for the first time that her dead husband, Conrad Mason, was among those accompanying her. He did not appear to be visible to any but her, as the rest did not notice him in any way.

As the road became harder, her assistants were more or less taken up in helping themselves—and Vera began to be a little neglected. At such times, but at no other, Conrad took hold of her arm to assist her, and she noticed that as soon as his hand touched her, she moved along with the greatest of ease, without any apparent effort on her part.

Finally, the way became so rough, and her companions so tired, that one by one they dropped away, her special attendant being among the first to do so. Soon

she found herself alone with her husband. Placing his arm around her, they proceeded on their way. Henceforth she felt not the least trouble or fatigue, no matter how steep or rough the path, or what obstacle presented itself before them. Without effort or volition of her own, she was borne along, until hills and rocks and mire were left behind, and they found themselves on a green and level plain, with beautiful mountains on either side, but which stretched away before them as far as the eye could reach.

Thus far they had not spoken to each other, and Vera viewing the prospect before her, looked forward to a pleasant *tete a tete* with her husband while they should traverse the level plain before them. Thinking these thoughts she glanced up, about to speak, and found herself alone. Wistfully she looked around, but in no direction was Conrad to be seen. Before she resumed her journey, she awoke; yes, awoke to find

it was all a dream, or vision of the night. But though she knew the steep and slippery hills, the rocks and barren wastes still lay before her, to be traversed with many a weary step ere she could reach the green and pleasant valley beyond, yet a heavenly peace pervaded her soul. No matter how hard the future, Conrad was still permitted to be near her, and given power to assist her over the rough and apparently unsurmountable obstacles which lay before her. This was her comfort. "Henceforth" thought Vera, "I will do my best for today, and strive to let the future take care of itself; It is in safe hands. Neither will I put my trust in the arm of flesh; it is weak and liable to grow weary in well doing; to faint by the wayside, or stray into by and forbidden paths. But in God will I put my trust, praying him to continue to me the protection and aid of my heavenly guardian, my loved companion for eternity, Conrad." *Cactus.*

AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

I HAVE often thought that a very interesting volume might be written of the experiences of Mormon Missionaries, but had no idea of offering any as a contribution for public criticism, until, after recounting the following to a friend, I was asked to write the story, and rashly promised, which promise I now set myself to redeem.

I was called to the Sandwich Islands in the spring of 1882, and arrived there in the early part of June. After one week spent on the Church Plantation, I was appointed to go to the island of Kauai, to assist Bro. Gentry, who was already in the field with a Native Elder. The President wrote to him to meet me, and also arranged that I was to make the journey with a Native brother returning home from a visit to Laie (the Church Plantation); but at the last moment, he decided to await the sailing of another vessel, thus leaving me to travel alone to a strange land and among a strange people.

It was with peculiarly lonely feelings

that I said good-bye to the President at Honolulu, and boarded the small steamer, *C. R. Bishop*, plying between Honolulu and ports on Kauai. I had a deck passage, which means I had the privilege of selecting any part of the upper deck for my bunk room, with no bedding or pillow except my saddle bags. I found myself among a motley group of Hawaiians, South Sea Islanders, Chinamen, Portuguese and Germans, and in a babel of confused tongues which made me feel that I was indeed alone, for I could understand none of them.

The night was dark and squally, and our small vessel tossed and pitched about on the waves like a mere plaything; sometimes it seemed to leap from the crest of a huge wave into the dark depths of the yawning trough, landing with a splash that sent up clouds of spray to be blown back on us by the sweeping wind.

I will not dwell on the experiences of that memorable voyage. I was miserably sea sick, and spent most of the night with

my head over the rail—"feeding fishes." In the gray light of the early morning, we saw the dim outline of Kauai on our right, and soon anchored in the roads, off the harbor of Nawiliwili. The sea was rolling heavily and the ship pitching about in such a way that it was a very difficult, if not a dangerous feat, to get into the small whale-boat in which we were to go ashore.

As I went down the vessel's side, clinging, weak and faint from sickness, to a rope ladder, the ship gave a lurch that nearly jerked me into the sea, and the boat receded, leaving me hanging out over the dark waves; as the vessel righted, the boat again came under, and I dropped exhausted into it, landing with my heavy boots on a native sailor's bare feet. He evidently did not relish being made a cushion to break the fall even of a sea sick "Haole" (white man); for he saluted my ears with a volley of oaths and curses. I hastened to explain, but he could not understand; his stock in trade of English language consisted only of "cuss words."

The change from the ship, small though it was, to a heavily laden boat was a trying ordeal to my depleted stomach, and if misery could feed my Native friend's revenge he must have reveled in mine. I looked longingly at the far away shore, despairingly at the dark waves, and heaved—only sighs—from the empty depths of woe within. The repeated demands of the finny tribe during the night's voyage had exhausted nature's supply.

The sailors dexterously guided the boat among the breakers, and we rode to the shore on the crest of a large wave, at almost race horse speed.

There was assembled on the beach a mixed crowd of Chipamen and Natives, but I saw only one white face, which lost all interest for me when he escorted some of my German friends to a waiting carriage and drove away toward the interior. My heart sank within me and a feeling of unutterable loneliness swept over me as I realized that no one was there to welcome me; but, "surely," I thought, "he will come;" and I sat down to wait.

Soon the cargo was unloaded and Natives and Chinamen left the beach, and I was alone, alone with my sad thoughts. The daylight grew brighter, the sun arose, was high in the heavens, and still I lingered in the vain hope that Brother Gentry would come. Then I went to the village skirting the beach, and tried to find some one who could understand me, but found no one. One word only could I speak, the name of a village where some of our Saints lived, written down for me by one of the Elders before I left Laie. When I spoke the word—"Hulaia," they pointed towards the west, and so I concluded to "*go west.*"

Leaving the village I went up a wide roadway along the hillside, and finally emerged on a wide common, with no house or human being in sight. The prospect was rather disheartening; and if my looks truthfully indexed my feelings, it would have been hard to find a more forlorn looking specimen of humanity. Even if I were to find another village beyond the range of hills bordering the common what better off would I be? For how could I learn what I most wished to know—where Brother Gentry was—without being able to speak or understand the Hawaiian language?

While so thinking I was walking aimlessly along, when I was aroused from my abstraction with a start, by hearing at my back the words "He Moromona oe? (Are you a Mormon?) Turning, I saw a native woman on horseback, regarding me intently and curiously. I answered "yes," and repeated the question to her. She was, she answered, and, thinking I could speak Hawaiian, she went on with a long speech, in a soft guttural tone that might as well have been Greek for all I could understand of it. I shook my head and replied in English.

She regarded me a moment with a puzzled look, and then, dismounting, motioned for me to place my saddle bags on the horse. I did so, but resolutely refused by gesture her invitation to take her horse and ride. How long we would have carried on the silent though expressive debate of gestures, I do not know, for I could not think of riding

while even a Native woman walked, had not her husband rode up at this juncture, and said in English, "you ride!" I thought he could understand me and began explaining to him, but my answer led him into deep water where his English was about as scarce as my Hawaiian. He answered in Hawaiian and again repeated. "you ride!" I took the horse and he and I rode away leaving her to follow on foot.

A mile or two's ride at right angles to the course I had been pursuing brought us to their home, a weather-beaten old frame house, built after the style of our rough barns, under the brow of a hill and overlooking a narrow valley, through which a sluggish stream meandered to the sea.

The only other house in view was that occupied by Chinamen, who owned rice fields bordering the river, and who were now out banging tin pans and firing guns, to frighten the birds from the ripening rice.

The Natives soon had a chicken killed, plucked and cooked, and I made a hearty meal of chicken and boiled rice, though rather too dainty to relish the fact that the entrails, head and feet were cooked with it. The poi set before me I did not venture to taste.

In the meantime, I had been diligently studying a book of Native and English phrases, till I thought I could ask where Brother Gentry was. I began all right, but got lost in the middle of my sentence, and had to go back again and learn it over. I was overjoyed, however, to learn that I had finally succeeded in making my host understand that I wished to set out at once to find him. He tried to get me to wait, but I insisted with all the vim the set phrases culled from the aforesaid book could supply, and finally he gave it up and brought around the horses. I was in doubt whether he knew where to find Brother Gentry; at one time, in reply to my *phrase book*, I thought he said he was one hundred and twenty-five miles away, then thirty-five miles, and then I did not know what he did say. But, at any rate, action was preferable to perching on the

hillside watching rice birds and Chinamen contend for the possession of those monotonous rice fields.

We passed through several villages at all of which my friend exhibited me as the latest curiosity from Utah. I thought I was duly appreciated, but all the time I was anxious only to go on.

All day I was studying language from my guide and book, and thought I had made a fair start toward the mastering of the Hawaiian language. In this connection it might be in order to relate an amusing incident of our journey. My native friend it seems had a severe headache and was trying to tell me that the hot sun had made him sick. Now, the word for sun and also for day is "la," and the word for night is "po," for head "poo," which latter sounds to unaccustomed ears like "po."

He wished me to administer to him, and to express his desires by signs, put his hands over his forehead—over his eyes I thought—saying his poo (head) ached, because of the sun, and I was to pray for him. I thought he was teaching language again—that he was saying the sun was shining and that it was "la" (day); but soon the sun would be hid, as he illustrated by closing his eyes and shutting out the light, and then it would be "po" (night).

He kept repeating "Pule oe, pule oe!" and at last I found from my book what it was—"You pray;" but even then I only thought he wished me to pray to be guided to Brother Gentry, the one wish nearest my heart. So we dismounted, and kneeling, I prayed. But as we rode on, the *language lesson* continued, and by request I prayed again, thinking anxiously my guide must be very much in doubt. And still the *lesson* went on, with the introduction of new figures and devices. I think now how stupid I was not to understand, but then, I had no idea that he was sick or needed praying for, and when the request came the third time, I told him to pray himself. He did so.

We had been traveling away up from the sea shore, but now he turned abruptly to the right and rode rapidly toward the sea, I following. I thought he had re-

ceived the wished for inspiration, and we were going direct to Brother Gentry; but when he drew rein before a low dilapidated grass hut almost hidden by tobacco hung on poles in front of it to dry, and dismounting crawled into the low doorway, I thought his inspiration must have come from some other source. The sun was just setting, the prospect was gloomy and forbidding, no other house being in sight. I must confess I felt timid, though for what I could not say; at any rate, neither he nor the people whom he found within could entice me to dismount. He really only wished to stay all night, but at last gave it up, and we rode back to our old trail and soon came to a native village, where he hoped to stop. But when I understood, or thought I did, that Brother Gentry was only two or three miles away, I brought out my invaluable phrase book and overpersuaded him, and we rode on once more by moonlight, not two or three, but several miles.

We crossed a large stream on a flat boat and soon after came to a large barn-like frame house on the sea shore, enclosed on three sides by the circling hills, on the fourth by the ocean. My guide having reached the limit of even native endurance, dismounted and unsaddled, motioning for me to do likewise, and then left me, with a half formed phrase-book question on my lips as to whether we had found the object of our search. The man of the house arose to greet us in the primitive native dress of a "Malo," and his wife came to shake my hand, without the formality of adding to her scanty night apparel. I thought they must be strange people, never before having happened to see such sights, even during a whole week spent on the Islands.

I cannot tell how lonely I was when I learned that Brother Gentry was not there, but about five miles further on, and then I thought, "perhaps he is traveling as fast as we are. When will I overtake him?"

They got supper for us, but I could not eat, and was much relieved when shown my bed. I was pleased to find it a good homelike bed, though I hoped to sleep but little. In this, however, I was happily

disappointed, for I had hardly touched the bed when I was sound asleep, and knew nothing more till the sun, shining in my face next morning, awoke me to my old anxiety.

I got up and went down to the beach, and I may be excused if I looked sadly and longingly over the wide expanse of waters toward home, and wished I were there. Who that has been where I was has not wished the same? Who has not sighed with the poet:

"Beautiful waves that float o'er the sea,
Have you no tidings of loved ones for me?"

I was aroused from my sad reverie by a "Mai! hele mai!" (here! come here!) coming from the lips of my hostess, who stood in the doorway beckoning.

Breakfast was ready—oh, that breakfast! Will I ever forget it? There was one large calabash of poi, sour and stale, and one dish of half-cooked squid or devil-fish, with its horrible looking tentacles. A rusty iron spoon was fished up from some obscure corner for me, and I took my place in the circle around the aforesaid dishes, and at it we went, the natives with their fingers, I with my spoon. On such an occasion it is a great help to keep saying, "what man has done, man can do." I found it so; it helped to keep resolution to the sticking point, but even this failed when the old Native began feeding a little, dirty, naked child by spitting poi into its mouth—the Native style. I gave it up—in vulgar parlance, threw up the sponge—by a supreme effort—nothing more.

Breakfast over, then began another phrase-book exhibition; but my Native friend was really sick and could not go on, so finally our host consented to be my guide. It was nearly noon when we started out, at first we rode side by side, and I took another lesson in Hawaiian. But my friend soon tired of it, and spurting ahead left me to meekly follow. So we rode for several hours, until we came to the house where Brother Gentry had passed the night before. Here I found a half-white woman who could speak English, and from her learned that he was about five miles further on visiting some wells. He might return that night, or in

a day or two, and I might as well await his return, but I thought otherwise.

Dinner was ready and I was importuned to eat, but with the recollection of breakfast fresh in my mind, I resolutely declined, hungry though I was. Nor had I courage to try another regular native meal for a week, but lived on rice and milk, and kalo.

After dinner I insisted on going to the wells, and we went. These are small lakes of water, of transparent clearness, extending in immense caverns back into the mountains, and said to have been the home of the fire goddess Pele, who lived here till the water poured in and put out her fires, when she went to Oahu, from thence to Maui, and lastly to Kawaii,

where she now lives in the volcano, Kilauea. Here I met Brother Gentry, and though we were strangers I never shook my dearest friend's hand with a heartier zeal. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and such he was to me, helping me to learn the language, to become accustomed to the native mode of living and to learn to eat native food. He was surprised to meet me, not having heard I was coming.

I might tell some interesting experiences through which we passed together, but I am admonished that this tale is already trespassing on your time and perhaps on your patience, so following the native rule I will say, Aloha!

Marvin E. Pack.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.*

JUDGING from the appearance of this audience to-day, and from the interest that seems to be manifested in matters of education, I would say that you are believers in a statement made by that most celebrated of Reformers, Martin Luther. Said he: "The prosperity of a city does not depend solely on its natural riches, on the solidity of its walls, on the elegance of its mansions, or on the abundance of arms in its arsenals; but the safety and strength of a city reside above all in a good education, which furnishes it with instructed, reasonable, honorable, and well-trained citizens. Were there neither soul, heaven, nor hell, it would still be necessary to have schools for the sake of affairs here below."

When the student taps at the door of this college, and demands admission through its portals, he is shown one course, and is told that he, in common with all who enter there, must travel it; for the completion of it is necessary for the broader courses which follow. That is the Intermediate Department, and comprises such subjects of study as are abso-

lutely necessary to one in any calling of life. It is the basic work of the student's future additions of knowledge. The importance of thorough work at this stage of progress is vast. The designer of the huge factory or of the elegant mansion is careful to lay a solid foundation on which to rear the massive superstructure. If the foundation-rocks be not firmly set, if the corner-stone be not well laid, when the elements become angered and join their forces in the work of destruction, then the superstructure is in danger, the walls totter, aye, and they may fall. But let the rocks at the base be set with a skillful hand, and then, no matter whether the angry hurricane may rave, or the rain pour down itself in torrents, the structure remains solid still, and so it is with the structure of knowledge. He who learns well his simple lessons is the one better prepared to take the more advanced. Hence, we see the necessity of thorough training in the Intermediate grade.

When the student begins to travel this course, his field of vision is narrow, but it gradually broadens as he nears the completion. He then beholds many other courses, all branching from this, and each going in a different direction from

*Address delivered by Philip Maycock, at the commencement exercises of the Latter-day Saints College, 1892.

the others. He knows not which road to take, for traverse them all he cannot; hence when he reaches this station in his course, he must slacken his speed, and enquire of the guide there stationed, which road he shall *now* travel. Here is pointed out first the course which leads through the Elysian fields of Literature. "Here," says the guide, "you will meet face to face with the God-inspired poet, and drink copious draughts from the well of his imagination. You will learn to revel with him in the phantasies of his inspired art, and will be lulled to pleasant dreams with the captivating influence of his heavenly strains. On this course, you will meet old Geoffrey Chaucer, who will be glad to welcome you as he has welcomed others who have passed along that way; and on this road you will ascend a gently rising hill, at the top of which poses the 'myriad-minded' Shakespeare. Amongst other notables whose acquaintance you will form is the pure and tender Longfellow. These are a few of the land-marks on the *main* road. You will have time to travel only the main road at your rapid pace. The bye-ways and recesses, of which there are many hundreds, you cannot even glance at." To travel these, your guide tells you, is more than the work of a life time. Well, some of us who are standing waiting at the fork of the road decide that henceforth *this* our course shall be.

Those of us who remain are pointed still other roads of knowledge. "Here," says the guide, "is the plain highway that leads to *business*. There are none of the flowers of imagination on the way-side here, as one finds them in yonder field of Literature,—all is 'dollars and cents' and 'debit and credit' is the watch-word. Here you learn to deal with notes and bills, contracts and insurance; and, like the merchant in the story, 'O'er your books you nightly look, count your gains, and bolt your locks.' Some of the gentlemen are led to begin this route, and now and then a lady will fall in. The thought of 'dollars and cents' has more charms for them than has the sweetest strains of the poet. When this route is completed and the candidates for pre-

ferment "are ready to begin *real* work, the guide gives them this parting admonition: "Be careful and honest in your dealings with others; be sure to debit and credit all aright, for bye and bye you will die, and the Ledger-book on High shall unfold how you sold, how you got and used your gold."

Those of us who are enticed neither unto the Elysian fields of Literature nor the sterner paths of business life,* are next pointed to the mathematical domain. We are told that Quantity is to be our sole companion. With it, if we please, we can spend the rest of life. Demonstrations and conclusions invite us to them with their strictness and logic, Sturm's theorem and Horner's method please us with their poetry; the transit and the level are waiting to be manipulated. Some of us begin our work at this point.

And then we are shown the domain of Science or Nature—the unwritten word of God—the incarnation of His thoughts. It is more than a road; it is a field, with many main roads and myriads of bye-ways; old Father Time closes up our lease on life long before we have had time to travel even a few of the main roads. Some, when they enter this field, wish, like Newton of the past, to play with the fantastic soap-bubble, or with the dazzling prism, others, with the impetuous lightning—learning truths that awe them with their impressiveness, from these seemingly simple things. Some prefer to deal with molecules and atoms. Concerning everything they meet, their all-absorbing question is: "Of what elements is it composed, and how are they arranged?" Then some prefer to deal with those things that we are wont to call *dead* rocks; but they are not dead, and the student here strives to become acquainted with their language, that he may interpret the tales and the traditions which they have to tell. Truly, he finds "sermons in stones." But still others choose to have intercourse with those things that approach nearer than any other to man—the animal creation. They find pleasure and profit in the huge elephant and monstrous whale, in the in-

dustry of the tiny ant, in the gaily-decked butterfly, and in the mischievous flea. While other students seek the habitation of beauty in the lily's cup, admiring the beautiful petals—aye, they wish to go further than simply to admire; as Shakespeare said, they “find tongues in the trees and flowers.” But no matter what the course in science may be, in *all* the student sees the matchless intelligence of a Supreme Being and learns to praise His name.

Those searchers after knowledge who still remain are shown one more course of travel, and that, says the guide, from the influence it exerts, and from the tried and steady endeavor it requires to follow it faithfully to its completion, is the course. I refer now to the Normal class. The student in this realm has traversed all the previously named courses to some extent—none of them, usually, to completion. The importance of this course I will refer to later.

Well, of the roads that were shown us when we had completed the basic course (the Intermediate), and stood at the fork of the road, each has been traveled by some students, and we are here to-day to celebrate the completion of our particular grade. Those who have guided us through the various paths and fields of knowledge, have given to each of us a certificate of completion; and the student's heart is filled with satisfaction at receiving this recognition of past work. You may ask, “Will those certificates add anything to the student's knowledge; will they make him more upright and truthful?” If the student's knowledge is not already thorough, if he is not already grounded in the principles of virtue and truth, nothing that those certificates contain will add one whit either to his knowledge or his virtue. As did Daniel Webster, he might as well tear them up. Glad as the student is to receive a certificate, it is only a statement, based on the calm judgment of our noble guides, of what we in reality have done.

This period of our career to us is an eventful one. We are now on the threshold of real life. Heretofore our faithful guides have directed us in proper

paths; their care o'er us has been unceasing; they have striven to protect us from all destructive influences; but now we are to travel without their aid. All our previous work has been *preparation*; all our future work is stern *reality*. The buffeting and trials of this existence we ourselves must now combat, relying on our own strength and a faith centered in the God above. However, we should be prepared for it, for we have always been cautioned that unstinted faith and unrelenting effort are our only safeguards of success in this all-exacting world.

Did we but know it, could we but realize it, our future paths on either side of the way, holds out high hopes and propitious prospects for us. Who can penetrate the future far enough to say to what positions of trust and fame these graduates may yet attain! Who knows but that some of them may yet become—like those whom they have met in their courses—land-marks in the paths of Literature; men of business whose influence extends throughout the nation; mathematicians and scientists whose names will be associated with new and valuable discoveries and inventions? Who can tell, I inquire? Such things are possible—*such things must be*.

But to the future of the normal students I wish to refer. What is their calling? what is their responsibility? what is their reward? Is their calling understood? Is it appreciated? I venture to reply, *no*. Some people have been accustomed to look upon the teacher with a suspicious eye. “O,” thought they, “that man teaches school because he is too lazy to do anything else than wield the switch.” It was thought improper for anyone to teach unless he had lost an arm, become superannuated, or in some other way impaired for active muscular work. That, I say, has been the opinion held by some of the teacher and his calling. But, in truth, how different from this it is! What a mighty factor, unknown though it may be at present, the teacher is in matters of the world!

Do you not know it is during the period of child life that the seeds of character are sown? Do you not know that it is in

early youth those habits are formed—and man is simply a bundle of habits—which will determine the *future* man or woman? Do you not know that first impressions are most durable; just as wool once dyed never regains its primitive whiteness; and the twig once bent in a certain direction is hard to straighten again? If you understand these great educational truths, and especially if any of you have seen a practical demonstration of the same, then, perhaps, you will value the calling of the unpretending teacher. He is the one on whom, devolves to a great extent, the responsibility of sowing the seeds of a noble character, of training the child in correct habits, of seeing that those first indelible impressions on the mind of the child are ennobling.

The stability of a nation, as Sir Wm. Jones declares, does not depend on "high-raised battlements or labored mound," but upon high minded, moral, and industrious citizens. Since the duty of the teacher is to train students to become high minded, moral, and industrious citizens, can not we justly conclude that the stability of the future nation depends in a great measure, on the teachers of the present? With such a view of his profession, are we able to measure its influence? can we fully estimate its value? And, by the way, not every one that tries, can become a successful teacher, for, as the trite saying has it, "teachers, like poets, are born, not made."

Pardon the digression, but I wish to remark in passing, that in representing the graduates on this memorable occasion I have the high honor of representing almost as many ladies as gentlemen. They have demonstrated their capability of entering the ranks of the teacher's profession, and keeping there an honored place. Woman has shown that she is as competent of moulding the plastic mind of the child as are the members of the sterner sex—nay, even more competent. In this college, at least, she long ago dissipated that fallacious claim of man's intellectual superiority over woman; for she has, indisputably proven that under the same school conditions, her intellectuality outshines that of man.

But to return. What is the teacher's reward? What is the recognition he receives for his well doing? If rewards for noble services consist in liberal stipends, in luxurious banquets, or in exalted titles, then truly, the teacher receives no reward. But the truest recompence any one can receive for worthy actions the teacher receives, and that is the quiet whisperings of conscience that recognition of his deserving deeds has been taken in heaven.

The teacher believes with Christ, that he is the noblest citizen of earth who does most good to his fellow men; and that it is not always he that makes the grandest display with riches or startles the world with flashy accomplishments that in reality is the greatest. Sometimes you will find the highest type of God's creation, one who, it may be, is pouring the ointment of peace on the troubled waters of the souls of men—and thus indeed worshipping God—receiving little or no recognition from the gaudy world.

"Within the oyster shell uncouth,
The purest pearl may hide;
And oft we'll find a heart of truth
Within a rough outside."

So, we may say, it is with the humble teacher, he whose influence on the rising generation is unbounded, whose hours of life, early and late, are used in doing good, whose work, as the great Luther said, is of all others the noblest, the most useful, the best.

Friends and schoolmates, it is time to draw to a close. We have briefly surveyed the prosperous work of the past, we have indulged ourselves in the joyous pleasures of the present, and have looked with high hopes to the future. Let us continue the noble work so auspiciously begun, never forgetting that the possession of unstinted faith in God, coupled with unceasing effort, is our only hope of success in storming the angry waves of life. And above all, let us remember that, though the business-man may astonish us with his magnificent gains, and more magnificent donations to charity; though the graduate of literature may take the world by surprise at the sublime productions of his imagin-

ative mind; though the mathematician may challenge our wonder by the vast accomplishments in his realm, and though the scientist may set the whole world in commotion by his valuable

discoveries and inventions,—still the value to the world of the humble teacher's work—unknown to fame or fortune though he may be—far overshadows them all.

Philip Maycock.

CIUDAD CHIHUAHUA.

HERE I am in the old city of Chihuahua, or as Mexican's call it, Ciudad Chihuahua, *Ciudad* meaning "city" in English. To an American the place presents many objects of interest, in its buildings, parks, or "plazas," and in its people, whose customs are in many respects so different from those of Americans.

The most noticeable thing in architecture here is its solidity and beauty. Of course I here refer to public buildings and to the homes of the wealthy. The habitations of the poor are wretched in the extreme, but those of the rich are elegant and beautiful, especially in their interiors. As one passes along the streets and looks through the large, open, arched gateways into the interiors, he sees spacious courts surrounded by broad, arched colonades of beautifully sculptured stone; the court itself, or *patio*, as it is called, being either paved with cut stone or filled with trees, shrubs, and flowers. Frequently a fountain and stone basin also ornament and cool the patio. It is impossible to describe the feeling of comfort and delight such a style of building inspires in one. And yet such a house, so elegant in its appointments, to one outside its portals would give no idea of its interior beauty. You will sometimes see whole blocks of houses without a single window looking upon the street, but as a rule the better class of buildings have them, each one always guarded by a grating of iron bars, projecting a little in front of it in oval form. This enables the inmates to sleep securely with windows open. Houses of more than one story have handsome balconies of iron before each window, which are favorite places for the dark-eyed *senóras* and *senoritas* to sit and watch the people passing below.

Public buildings, notably the Government Palace or State House, as we would term it, have façades richly and beautifully ornamented with sculpture. I have nowhere in the United States, excepting the Capitol at Washington, seen such "beautiful sculptured façades as this Government Palace presents.

The plazas deserve mention. There are several, all of them filled with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and each has a large fountain from which water is constantly carried in jars upon the shoulders of women, or in barrels carried by two men each. The Plaza Hidalgo fronts the Government Palace and is adorned with an elegant monument of Mexican marble in honor of "Miguel Hidalgo y Costella," the patriot who first lighted the torch of liberty in Mexico, in 1810, and who, after some successes, was taken by the royalists, in 1811, and shot upon the spot where the monument stands. His statue in bronze surmounts a noble shaft, while the four corners have each a statue of his noble compatriots, Morcos, Alende and others who shed their blood and gave up their lives in the cause of Mexican freedom. This monument cost \$75,000.

The Alameda is a beautiful drive, wherein the wealthy show off their fine equipages, and beautiful wives and daughters. It is shaded by immense trees and lighted at night by electric lights. Horse cars are well patronized; the streets are well paved and kept very clean, while several bath houses seem well patronized. An ice factory helps to keep people cool in warm weather. The city has a cotton and a woolen factory, a hospital, a cathedral and several fine churches; it is supplied with drinking water by means of a long, stone aque-

duct, nearly three hundred years old, and still in perfect repair. This aqueduct crosses two broad valleys on colonades of arches, and shows that its builders intended their work to remain for generations.

Two military bands play every Thursday and Sunday night in the Plaza Principal or Plaza Alameda, and those places are then always filled with people, rich and poor, for all Mexicans seem to be lovers of music and flowers. One thing at once strikes the attention of a stranger—the style of promenading of the people. Each plaza has a broad, paved walk encircling it, and it is occupied by hundreds of people who promenade without intermission until about eleven o'clock at night, the ladies walking in procession to the left, the gentlemen going to the right. I wondered at this, until a friend told me it was to enable the sexes to meet each other and give opportunity for glances—loving, scornful, haughty, or tender—to be shot at the favored or disfavored party. Custom does not permit much social intercourse between young people; a young lady walking with a young man never takes his arm; but married people are not so restrained. So if it were not for this peculiar style of promenading, the boys and girls would have but little opportunity to cast "sheep's eyes" at each other.

We hear a bell in the Cathedral tower, sounding like an old, cracked, iron pot, but our derisive smile changes as we see a poor Mexican take off his hat when he hears its clang. Its discordant sound was caused by a cannon shot which struck it during Maximilian's war and shattered it, but the people regard it with a pious veneration, and would not for anything have it replaced by a new one.

A distinctive feature here is the burro (donkey), which is seen everywhere, and by whose aid nearly everything is transported. Every morning droves of from five to fifty line the roads, bringing to the city firewood already cut for the stove, eggs, milk in earthen jars, crates of fruit and vegetables, grain, bales of

straw, and for almost everything used in town. The burro seems as much a necessity to the Mexican, as the camel to the Arab. Patient and strong, they live where a horse could not, and do an immense amount of labor.

Hundreds of long, stone seats are placed all around the city, under the trees, their supports, backs and ends of stone cut in open work, and near them may be seen men and women with little tables upon which are displayed for sale cakes, pies, candies or drinks of various kinds made from corn, and much resembling our old-fashioned "spring beer" or ginger beer. This is sold at one *claco* per glass,—one and a half cents. A small glass of ice cream costs two *clacos* or three cents. But butter costs eighty-five cents per pound, ham or bacon forty cents, and other articles in proportion. Goods imported from Europe are cheap.

The city has three broad arched bridges of stone, with parapet walls on either side, of stone cut in open work and very tasteful. These bridges have from three to five arches each, and are built to endure a thousand years apparently.

Troops are seen everywhere, and I am told there are about four thousand of the fifth cavalry and eleventh infantry regiments, besides a force of state troops. Every day the sounds of drums and bugles are heard, and soldiery march through the streets. Mexico has a large standing army, and every little town has some troops—many or few—stationed in it. Many policemen are seen, each armed with club and revolver, and apparently equally ready with either. Police regulations are rigid and strictly enforced.

The Mexican Central Railroad passes through the city, and when the line westward to Guerrero now in construction is completed, it will make available the resources of timber and grain, in which the Sierra Madre region abounds.

Much might be said of a country where all is so different to what Americans are familiar with; but not to become tedious I will say Mexico abounds in *opportunities* which an American would be quick to recognize and convert to his own benefit.

For instance, where butter sells at eighty-five cents per pound, there is a good place for a man with a lot of good milk cows. But the aggressive spirit of the Anglo Saxon is steadily working changes in this land, and before many years it will take its place as one of the strong nations of the earth. *J. H. Martineau.*

MARCIA.

A STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY "LAERTES."

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOW.

In the meantime, the prisoners had been conducted to their place of incarceration, while Marcia, without the opportunity of bidding farewell to Claudius, was imprisoned in the *lararium* of her own home. Here she was kept, securing but meagre news of her lover, such as her brother, in almost fiendish delight, bore to her. This news was always of a discouraging character, as the feeling against the Christians had become extremely bitter, and all indications were that it would vent itself in punishment upon the hopeless prisoners.

Daily visits were made to Marcia by Decius, but for several weeks he said nothing to her by way of exhortation to a change in her faith. His object in this delay was doubtless to bring her to such a state of despair regarding the probable fate of her companions, as to enable him to influence her more easily. At any rate, it was fully a month after her separation from Claudius, when Decius entered the *lararium* at his usual hour, carefully closed the door, and stood facing her. She turned her face from him, and bowed her head upon her hands.

"Marcia."

No answer. Her head was lowered, and she wept.

"Marcia," in a louder voice. Still no answer. Sobs shook her frame.

He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Marcia, dost thou hear?"

She indignantly shook his hand from her shoulder, arose and walked across the room, leaning her head against the statue of Horatius.

He angrily followed her, seized her

arm, and roughly turned her face toward him.

"Thou hast dissembled long enough," he exclaimed. "I will no longer brook thy pretty turns of speech and action, nor thy bold effort at self-martyrdom. 'Tis but a trick to work upon my sympathy and make me less rigorous in my course toward thee. Time was when tricks like these would avail, but that time is past. I see my duty;—that duty must I perform, without question as to thy suffering; for mental torture now is preferable to the mental and physical suffering which must result from a persistence in thy senseless course."

He spoke harshly, too harshly for his purpose, for a flush of indignation banished the paleness from Marcia's cheeks, and the tears called to her eyes by the thought of her forlorn state, were dried by the fire of her wounded pride.

"I desire thine answer to the questions I shall put to thee, and remember, thou mayest by a course of wisdom do much for thyself and thy companions. How long hadst thou known of Claudius' allegiance to this accursed sect before thou gavest thine?"

"I heard of it but that day."

"Then thou wert induced by love for him?"

"The acceptance of an unpopular creed is not induced by love for aught but the truth itself. A girl may for sake of him she loves desert brother, friends, and fortune, but her allegiance to a hated religion must arise from a purer motive even than this—the settled conviction of its truth. She may for his sake sacrifice all but her allegiance to truth; that she must hold more sacred

than her life—yea, even more precious than her love!"

"Hast thou, then, become convinced of the truth of this creed, that thou canst peril thy hopes of peace and safety in adherence to it?"

"Not only these, but life itself would I peril for the truth."

"Listen, sister!" His voice became more stern and harsh. "I have hitherto spoken to thee by way of reason. Now must I try other means, since these have failed. Thou knowest my regard for thee. It is second only to my allegiance to the state. All I possess and all my private hopes and ambitions would I sacrifice for thy good. Thou knowest, also, the hatred of the Roman people for the sect thou art now allied with. As well think to see friendship between the tiger and the lamb, as to hope to behold a union of the Roman and the Christian. Thy lover and his companions are in custody on charges of which thou must not hear—charges which deserve the severest penalties. Not only will these guilty ones suffer, but many of the innocent, that no criminal may escape. I have the power to save thee from this doom which must come upon the Christians, but that power can I use in behalf only of those who forswear all allegiance to this odious sect. Thou seest thy position. What wilt thou do?"

"My duty, Decius. Firm, unto death, will I remain."

He muttered a curse and turned from her. Thrice he paced the narrow width of the apartment, then suddenly faced his sister. "I tell thee now," he hotly exclaimed, "that thou shalt be kept a prisoner in this room until thou art induced to alter thy determination. In the meantime, I shall use every power I possess, as an officer of the state (for by my faithful service on that night I earned that distinction), to bring to justice thy lover and his associates. Day and night, with all the energy and power I possess, will I hound them to their destruction. I shall defy the power of thy God and the craft of thy priests. All that I possess shall be used, if necessary, in this pursuit. No tears, no prayers, no entreaties,

shall be regarded. I shall seek my object, even though I trample upon the hearts of thousands. By the great Jupiter, I swear that even thy heart shall not be spared, if it lies in my path! Thou hast heard my vow; it is registered with the gods. Hereafter my sole object in life shall be to keep it. Beware, girl, how thou disregardest my threat; for, by the gods, thy disobedience shall be visited upon thine own head in agony of thought and spirit. I have spoken!"

Before a reply could be made to this brutal speech, Decius left the room and securely bolted the door, leaving Marcia in an indescribable state of indignation and grief. She threw herself upon the rude bed and gave way to a flood of tears. Her grief thus assuaged, she slept.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONDEMNATION.

In the meantime, Claudius, with his companions, had been kept in close confinement in a loathesome prison. Accustomed, as he had been, to the luxuries of high life in Rome, he was visibly injured in body and in mind by the great privation. His bodily suffering manifested itself in a decided falling away in flesh and a lowering of the tone and strength of his system, while his mental torture made him moody and disconsolate. In all this suffering, however, he maintained with firm determination the faith and confidence felt only by those who are convinced of the rightfulness of their cause, and his spiritual strength was increased even by his physical and mental suffering. His companions maintained the composure and resigned air so characteristic of the Christians of the period, and this went a great way toward upholding Claudius in his adherence to the faith. Indeed, an excellent opportunity was offered him to learn of the faith he had espoused, for a special effort was put forth by those better versed in it than he, to make him more familiar with its doctrines. Meetings were held at regular intervals, even in the prison, and a free flow of the Spirit of God manifested itself on all such occasions.

Thus passed a month of weary waiting,

the prisoners being left entirely in the dark as to their probable fate. One day the prison door opened, and Decius entered. His face gave token of the emotions he had experienced during that four weeks, for he was haggard and careworn. His once noble bearing had degenerated into a servile mien; his countenance was disfigured by a habitual frown, and his once clear eye was blood-shot and unsteady. In fact, it seemed that he had given himself over to the service of the evil one, and the mark of that servitude already appeared in his countenance. Thus the former friends met—Claudius looking his companion fully and fearlessly in the face, Decius occasionally averting his eyes and glancing toward the floor.

"The time for thy trial has come," said Decius, addressing himself to Claudius.

"I am well prepared," answered the one addressed.

"I wish to speak with thee ere thou appearest before the emperor, for before him must thou be tried," said Decius slowly and impressively.

"I will hear what thou hast to say," answered Claudius.

"Claudius," began the young man in an entreating tone, "I cannot bear the thought of seeing thee perish thus miserably, for I am sure no mercy shall be shown thee but on one condition. Thou hast it in thy power to avert the displeasure of the emperor. He says he will do anything he safely and consistently can in behalf of a young man of such promise, and I am sure he will keep his word."

"And what is the one condition to which thou referrest?" asked Claudius.

"It is that thou wilt acknowledge thy mistake, and again swear loyalty to our sworn sovereign. Thou seest that thy cause is hopeless. Thou knowest that it is suicidal for thee to hold to it longer. All who do so must meet their doom. This decree has gone forth, and I know the emperor will enforce it with all the power of his vigorous nature. What canst thou accomplish by holding out against him? What power hast thou to oppose to his? What shalt thou gain by

meeting a death in the arena, or a still more terrible one? Why wilt thou not render obedience to the dictates of thy self interest, knowing as thou dost that all thy happiness must come from a long and prosperous life? What is there to compensate for its hasty and terrible ending? Al! beyond the tomb is dark and gloomy. Shadows rest upon the future, too dark, too dense for human eye to penetrate. Even the gods have not given it to man to pierce the mists beyond the horizon of this world, for they wish us to understand the value of our present existence, that we may not seek for the shadowy one beyond. Thou knowest how happy we were before this cloud came upon us. My sister was in the bloom of youth and the glow of hope. Thou wert cheerful and buoyant. I had hope of great preferment before the emperor. With thee united to my sister, and with our interests combined, I saw the opportunity for founding a family the most illustrious in the empire, whose descendants might even become kings. This was the prospect. What is it now? Thou art blindly hastening to an early death. My sister is heart-broken at the prospect before us. I am forced to appear against thee and her at the trial. Thou and she are possessed of treasonable thoughts against this beneficent empire. All hopes are shattered—all brightness dispelled. Claudius, thou art to blame for this. Thine actions have brought it about. Thine only chance of atoning for this crime is by the avowal of thy complete and perfect submission to the will of the emperor, and the desertion of thy present treasonable companions. Wilt thou do this? Speak!"

Calmly and patiently Claudius heard him to the end, and thus replied to him: "I have made no mistake. I have not been disloyal to the Emperor, only so far as loyalty to him is opposed to the true religion. So far as this world is concerned, my cause may be hopeless. It may be that I shall meet the terrible death of which thou speakest. Perhaps my doom will be shared by the other faithful adherents to the truth. The Emperor may use all his efforts to op-

pose the work of God. The power we possess to oppose against his, may be of no avail. But there is a life beyond the horizon of this world, beyond the clouds and mists of mortality, and that life has been revealed to me, and to my companions. We have seen the true and living God! We have seen His Son, who was slain, but still lives. We know that His promise to us is sure, and that crowns of great glory and power shall be given to the faithful. And while this life is sweet—sweeter than I ever before realized, still we know that its enjoyment would be lost to us, were we to prove recreant to the trust imposed in us. What were thy hopes before my *crime* was committed? Thou hadst hope of preferment in the service of the corrupt and insane Nero. If thy descendants should become kings, it would be by the shedding of blood and the sacrifice of lives. If thou shouldst reach the pinnacle of thine ambition, it would be by the aid of unscrupulous men, who would not hesitate to bring about thy death if thou stoodst in the way of their advancement. Thy happiness would be as ethereal as the vapor of the heavens, thy glory as uncertain and brief as the lightning flash. And for this thou wouldst ask me to forswear my allegiance to that which is most holy, and render obedience to unholy and corrupt men! Fie, Decius! Use the power thou possessest for the crimes thou wilt commit under the direction of the Emperor,—do not waste it in trying to make the Christian a pagan!"

With no other word the two betook themselves to the hall of justice.

The fire had been so destructive as to leave but a small portion of the city intact. Indeed, but four districts out of the fourteen composing the city had escaped utter destruction or partial demolition. It was therefore necessary for the trial to be held in an improvised room on the Esquiline Hill, where the fire had not been able to penetrate on account of the steep declivity.

Because of the seriousness of the charge, Nero thought it well to preside at the trial in person, although it was

then customary for one of the magistrates to be given this distinction. Seated upon an elevated throne, and dressed in his toga of state, he regarded the prisoners with a sullen frown. When Claudius and his custodian had seated themselves, the emperor arose in his place and announced the charge upon which the prisoner was to be tried, that of treason against the empire, and adherence to a false and dangerous faith.

The enormity of the offense was pointed out in strong terms by the emperor, who then called upon the witness whose testimony was most relied upon for conviction. Decius stepped forward in answer to the summons and bowed low and obsequiously before Nero. As the accuser of Claudius he made his statement, reciting with great fulness of detail the events of the night of July 18th, 64 A. D., with which the reader is already familiar. He rehearsed all the utterances of the speakers at the meeting on that night, at all derogatory to the empire and its head. He described the defiant actions of the members of the assemblage, Claudius among them, when they saw themselves surrounded by the officers of the state. He repeated the words of his sister to him in answer to his expostulations, and charged the prisoners with so influencing her mind as to cause it to depart from its former strong allegiance to the government. He even repeated that portion of the last conversation between himself and Claudius, bearing upon the relative value of loyalty to the emperor and adherence to the religion he had embraced. Upon the showing thus made, the accuser demanded the condemnation of the accused.

Asked if he desired to enter a denial of any of the allegations against him, Claudius answered in the negative.

Again arising, the Emperor said:—"There is another charge of a most serious nature to be brought against this prisoner, as a representative of the odious Christians. You who have heard their predictions, know that they have foretold the destruction of the world by fire. They have prophesied great calamities against

this nation, and they point to the recent fire as an evidence that their auguries are bearing fruit. By Jupiter! My heart rest upon the sacrificial altar if I do not believe them guilty of the conflagration whose effects are seen on every hand!"

A burst of indignation followed these words, and angry eyes were directed toward the prisoner, who heard with surprise and the slightest token of dismay the fearful accusation. The Emperor continued:—"And what have they done to turn this accusation from them? They have said that I, even the Emperor of this great people, have been guilty of this terrible crime! They say that I have done this to appease my blood-thirsty soul, and to find means of satisfying mine ambition! What ambition can be sated by beholding the ruins of a once fair and prosperous city? Only that ambition, which, like the scavenging buzzard, finds its greatest means of satisfaction in the death of the beasts of the fields and the fairer birds of the air. Only the ambition of a Christian can feed upon the destruction of the works of a chosen and a great people. See the wealth destroyed, the people made homeless, the lives lost. Tell me if such an act is worthy of me! Tell me, too, if those who bring this accusation against me shall not suffer for the allegation, as well as for the crime they have committed! Christian, I accuse thee of this crime! I say that thou, as one of these Christians, art equally guilty with those who have committed this deed, for thou hast given it the seal of thine approval! The cry, 'Babylon the great is fallen,' resounded from the

mouths of the Christians during all the terrible scenes of the fire. Canst thou say that it was not in thy heart to utter it? Thou art in need of no accuser, for thy guilty soul appears in thine eyes, and carries its own accusation. What need have we of further inquiry? What need of defense? I pronounce the prisoner guilty of the terrible crimes of which he has been accused, and give him into the hands of his executioner. Christian, thou diest within the week. Thy companions in crime must receive their doom, for as thou art guilty, so are they. Thy condemnation has been pronounced, and the decree uttered against thee must be carried out! Let him be removed and his companions take his place, for by the gods I shall not rest this night until all have been awarded the punishment they deserve! Away!"

Claudius was hastened from the room without a chance of defending himself, and almost stunned with the new accusation brought against him and his fellows. That the accusation met with the approval of the populace, was evinced by the cries of execration which followed him from the hall, mingled with the plaudits of the rabble for the Emperor.

When he reached his prison, his companions beheld his fate in the gloominess of his countenance, but with wonderful patience they awaited the decree of the tyrant in their cases. In none did it differ from the doom of Claudius; the execrable hand of the autocrat was set to the warrant for the death of all, even the venerable apostle being included.

(To be continued.)

CHURCH EMIGRATION.

XVI.

DETAILED EMIGRATION ACCOUNT.

1854.

SIXTY-NINTH COMPANY,—*Jesse Munn*, 333 souls. This company of Saints were all from the Scandinavian Mission. Quite a number of the recently made converts to "Mormonism" in Denmark possessed considerable means, and as the spirit of

emigrating to America was universal in all the branches in Scandinavia from the beginning, the well-to-do Saints made almost immediate preparations to sell their property and wend their way Zionward. The incessant persecutions, which prevailed against the members of the true Church in nearly all parts of the country, also increased the desire to emi-

grate; and rather than tarry, a number preferred to sell their homes at half price, if by so doing they could only obtain sufficient means to defray the expenses of the journey. Under these circumstances the spirit of brotherly love also manifested itself in its noblest form, and under its divine influence the rich Saints remembered their poor fellow-religionists, and extended to them that material help and succor, which has always characterized the Saints of the Most High. Thus, hundreds of the poor, whose chances to emigrate with their own means, were almost beyond reasonable expectation, were assisted by their wealthier brethren to go to Zion. Through the column of "*Skandinaviens Sjerne*," the Church organ in Scandinavia, plain and minute instructions were given to the emigrants, who nearly all were unacquainted with the incidents of travel. In fact, there were many among them, who during all their previous experience in life, had never had occasion to go farther from their homes than to the nearest market town. Thus, as a matter of course, it was no easy task for the Elders who presided over the different branches and conferences of the mission to plan and arrange everything for the emigrants, and especially was the burden heavy which rested upon the presiding brethren in Copenhagen where the headquarters of the mission were located. In the latter part of December, 1852, however, President John Van Cott succeeded in making the necessary contracts for transportation, etc, and in the afternoon of December 22, 1853, the first emigrant company of the season, and the third ship load of Saints from Scandinavia, three hundred strong, set sail from Copenhagen on board the steamship "*Slesvig*" under the presidency of a young Elder by the name of Christian Larsen, who now acts as bishop of one of the wards in Logan, Cache County. A large concourse of people had assembled on the wharf to witness the departure of the "Mormons," and a great deal of bitterness and hard feelings were manifested. When Elder P. O. Hansen, after the vessel had left the harbor, was walking back to the

mission office, he was followed by a mob who knocked him down and pounded him considerably about the head. He lost a quantity of blood, but received no dangerous injuries.

By way of Kiel, Gluckstadt and Hull the emigrants reached Liverpool England, in safety, on the twenty-eighth of December, and on the first of January, 1854, they went on board the ship *Jesse Munn*, which had been chartered by the presidency in Liverpool, for the transportation of the Scandinavian Saints, in connection with a few German Saints, which swelled the total number of souls to three hundred and thirty-three. The company sailed from Liverpool on the third, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River on the sixteenth of February. During the voyage twelve of the emigrants died, namely: two adults and ten children; three couples were married.

On Monday February 20th, 1854, the *Jesse Munn* arrived at New Orleans, where Christian and Svend Larsen made a contract for the further transportation of the company to St. Louis; and on Saturday the twenty-fifth, the river journey to that city was commenced. Owing to unusual low water in the river, the passage was slow, and tedious, which in connection with the change of climate and difference in the mode of living, caused cholera of a very malignant type to break out among the emigrants, resulting in an unusual number of deaths. After the arrival in St. Louis on the eleventh of March, houses were rented for the temporary occupation of the emigrants, who tarried there about a month, until the next company of Scandinavian emigrants arrived, under the direction of Elder Hans Peter Olsen. During the stay in St. Louis, sickness continued amongst the Saints, and many more died of the cholera. (*Mil-lennial Star*, Vol. XVI, pp. 41, 447, *Morgenstjernen*, Vol. II, page 52.)

SEVENTIETH COMPANY. — *Benjamin Adams*, 384 souls. On Monday, December 26, 1853, another company of Scandinavian Saints, consisting of three hundred and seventy-eight souls, sailed from

Copenhagen, Denmark, by the steamship *Eideren*, bound for Utah, under the leadership of Elder Hans Peter Olsen, a missionary from the Valley, who had labored about ten months on the island of Bornholm. Like the preceding company these emigrants traveled by way of Kiel, Gluckstadt and Hull to Liverpool, where they arrived January 9th, 1854. Here they were compelled to wait nearly two weeks, during which time the greater portion of the children were attacked with fever, resulting in the death of twenty-two of the little ones; two adults also died. On the twenty-second of January the emigrants went on board the ship *Benjamin Adams*, together with a few German Saints. On the twenty-fourth the doctor who examined the condition of the emigrants declared that fifteen of them were unfit to proceed on the voyage, and they were consequently landed in Liverpool, with the understanding that they would be sent on to New Orleans when sufficiently recovered to travel.

The *Benjamin Adams* sailed from Liverpool on the twenty-eighth, with three hundred and eighty-four Saints on board, and arrived in New Orleans on the twenty-second of March, after a very pleasant and prosperous voyage. Eight deaths occurred during the voyage, namely, two very old people and six children; two children were born on board and nine couples were married.

On the twenty-fifth of March the company continued the journey, from New Orleans, by the steamboat *L. M. Kennet*, and arrived in St. Louis, Missouri, on the third of April. During the passage up the river considerable sickness prevailed, and fourteen of the emigrants died.

In St. Louis, where an organized branch of the Church existed, the emigrants joined the former company which had crossed the Atlantic in the *Jesse Munn*, and H. P. Olsen became the leader of all. Under him the survivors of both companies continued the journey by steamboat to Kansas City, in Jackson County, Missouri, which had been selected as the outfitting place for the Saints who crossed

the plains that year. The Scandinavian emigrants made their encampment near Westport. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI, pp. 94, 256, 272, 297; *Morgenstjernen*, Vol. II, page 53)

SEVENTY-FIRST COMPANY—*Golcondo*, 464 souls. The first shipload of British Saints which left the shores of Europe for the Rocky Mountains in 1854, consisted of four hundred and sixty-four souls, who embarked on board the ship *Golcondo*. Captain Kerr, on the thirtieth of January, 1854, and sailed from Liverpool on the fourth of February following. This company was under the direction of Elder Dorr P. Curtis, in connection with whom Thomas Squires and W. S. Phillips acted as Counselors.

On the day of sailing the presiding brethren organized the Saints on board into what they termed the *Golcondo* Emigrating Conference, which was divided into seven branches. During the voyage meetings were held five times a week, in which the Saints were richly blessed with the gifts of the Spirit, in tongues, interpretations, visions, revelations and prophecy. The winds were rather contrary for two or three days after leaving Liverpool, but after that they became more favorable and continued so during the greater part of the voyage. Two marriages were solemnized on board, and one death occurred. The company arrived safely in New Orleans on Saturday March 18, 1854, after a passage of forty-two days from Liverpool.

Leaving three sick persons in quarantine at New Orleans, the emigrants continued the journey up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri, where they arrived March 31st. Ten deaths occurred between New Orleans and St. Louis.

Elder William Empey obtained comfortable houses for the company to occupy until they proceeded on their journey to Kansas City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI: pp. 106, 141, 255, 281, 297, 447.)

SEVENTY-SECOND COMPANY,—*Windermere*, 477 souls. The ship *Windermere*, Captain Fairfield, sailed from Liverpool, England, bound for New Orleans, on the 22nd of February, 1854, with four hun-

dred and seventy-seven Saints on board, the company being in charge of Elder Daniel Garn. Included in the company were seven ex-presidents of conferences, namely: Abraham Marchant, Robert Menzies, Job Smith, John T. Hardy, John A. Albiston, J. V. Long and Graham Douglas.

The *Windermere* arrived at New Orleans April 23rd. During the voyage contrary winds were encountered, arising at times to heavy gales; but at the end of five weeks a favorable wind set in, and the ship made one thousand miles in four days. After fifteen days sailing from Liverpool, the small-pox broke out on board and spread rapidly as the vessel approached the tropics, until 37 passengers and two of the crew were attacked, but at this crisis the malady was suddenly checked in answer to prayer. Six marriages were solemnized on board, and six births and ten deaths occurred.

On the morning after arriving at New Orleans, eleven persons suffering with the small-pox were sent to the Luzenburg Hospital, agreeable to order from the health officers at the port; and Elder Long and five others were selected to remain at New Orleans to attend to the sick until they were sufficiently recovered to go forward. The rest of the company continued the journey from New Orleans April 27th, on board a steamboat, and arrived in St. Louis a few days later, from whence the journey was subsequently continued to Kansas City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI, pp. 140, 297, 345, 477.)

SEVENTY-THIRD COMPANY—*Old England*, 45 souls. The ship *Old England*, with forty-five Saints on board, under the presidency of John O. Angus and Elder Thomas W. Brewerton, sailed from Liverpool on the fifth of March, 1854.

For twelve days the ship was tossed and tacked about in the Irish Channel, owing to contrary winds, after which the company had a pleasant voyage, and arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi on the twenty-fourth of April. One birth took place on board. From New Orleans the company proceeded by steamboat to St. Louis, in connection with a few Danish Saints, and a family by the name of

Flewit, who had come from England in another ship. From St. Louis the company subsequently continued the journey to the camping place near Kansas City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI: pp. 171, 218, 297, 346, 477.)

SEVENTY-FOURTH COMPANY.—*John M. Wood*, 393 souls. On the twelfth of March, 1854, the ship, *John M. Wood*, Captain Hartley, sailed from Liverpool, having on board three hundred and ninety-seven souls, of whom fifty-eight were from Switzerland and Germany. Elder Robert Campbell was appointed president of the company. Elders A. F. McDonald and Charles Derry, ex-presidents of conferences, and Jabez Woodard, who had presided over the Italian Mission, also sailed on board this vessel. The vessel encountered adverse winds in the Irish Channel the first week after sailing from Liverpool, after which the weather was favorable during the remainder of the voyage. Six persons—two adults and four children—died on board; two children (twins) were born and one couple was married; one new member was also baptized. On the twenty-eighth of April the vessel arrived at the Balize, where it waited for a tug a short time. Proceeding up the river the company landed at New Orleans May 2nd, and started the following day on board the steamboat, *Josiah Lawrence*, for St. Louis. In due course of time the emigrants arrived safely at the outfitting place near Kansas City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI, pp. 187, 297, 366, 477.)

SEVENTY-FIFTH COMPANY—*Germanicus*, 220 souls. The ship *Germanicus*, Captain Fales, with two hundred and twenty Saints on board, in charge of Elder Richard Cook, sailed from Liverpool, April 4th, 1854. The vessel had a rather lengthy voyage, in consequence of which she had to put in at St. George's on the Grand Caicos (an island north of Dominica) where she staid two days and took in eight days' supply of water. She also had to stop at Tortugas (near Key West, off Florida for a further supply on the thirtieth of May. Continuing the voyage from Tortugas June 4th, the company had a pleasant voyage to New Orleans,

where they arrived the twelfth of that month. One birth and two deaths occurred during the passage.

Within two hours after landing at New Orleans, President Cook had made an engagement with the captain of the steamboat *Uncle Sam* to take the company to St. Louis for three dollars and fifty-cents each, luggage free; those under fourteen years of age half price. The next day, (the thirteenth) the Saints continued the journey from New Orleans to St. Louis where some of them remained until the next season. The rest soon afterwards reached the general place of encampment for the emigrants near Kansas City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI, pp. 240, 270, 297, 440, 462.)

SEVENTY-SIXTH COMPANY, — *Marshfield*, 366 souls. The ship *Marshfield*, Captain Torrey cleared port at Liverpool, England, bound for New Orleans, on the eighth of April, 1854, with three hundred and sixty-six Saints on board, in charge of Elder William Taylor, who had acted as Counselor in the Presidency of the French Mission. Elder Gilbert Clements, late President of the Dublin conference also sailed on this vessel. A number of the emigrants were from the Jersey Islands, of the French Mission.

After a pleasant and prosperous passage of fifty-one days from Liverpool, the company arrived in New Orleans May 29, 1854, only one passenger died during the voyage, and two children were born; also one marriage was solemnized. A number of the sailors declared themselves converted to "Mormonism," but none of them were baptized on board, as it had been the experience of former companies, that some of the sailors would get baptized hoping the intimacy with the Saints thus afforded might assist them in their evil designs upon the honor of the young sisters.

A portion of the company proceeded farther on the journey up the Mississippi river, May 31st, on board the steamboat *James Robb*; the other portion followed soon afterwards on board the *Grand Turk*. Both arrived safely at St. Louis about the middle of June, and thence the emigrants continued the journey on three steamboats to Kansas City. (*Mil-*

lennial Star, Vol. XVI, pp. 249, 270, 297, 425, 440, 446.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH COMPANY. — *Clara Wheeler*, 29 souls. This small company of Saints embarked from Liverpool, England, on the ship, *Clara Wheeler*, and set sail for New Orleans on the twenty-fourth of April, 1854; but the writer has not been able to glean anything concerning the voyage of that company.

At different times in 1854, and with different ships, thirty-four members of the Church had embarked for New Orleans; some of these were lost at sea, which proved a warning to others not to embark on a voyage across the Atlantic in any but regularly organized companies of Saints. With the departure of the *Clara Wheeler* the emigration of Saints from Europe ceased until the latter part of the year. (*Mill. Star*, Vol. XVI, p 297.)

Elder William Empey, assisted by Horace S. Eldredge and others, superintended the emigration business on the frontiers, and at St. Louis in the earlier part of the year 1854, and before the emigration season had fairly opened, they found themselves confronted with a number of unlooked for difficulties on account of the high prices demanded for river passage and also for outfitting goods, the previous year the fare from St. Louis to Kansas City was only one dollar per capita; the transportation of luggage cost from twenty-five to fifty cents per one hundred pounds, and the freight on wagons ranged from four to five dollars each; but in 1854, passengers were charged from three to five dollars each, luggage cost from one to two dollars and upwards per one hundred pounds, and wagons from ten to fifteen dollars each. These unusually high rates were caused by the low water in the Missouri river, which made navigation very difficult.

The immense emigration to California and the west generally in 1854, caused a great raise in the price of cattle and wagons in the Western States. In 1854, a yoke of oxen commanded prices ranging from seventy-five to one hundred and ten dollars, and cows cost from

twenty-five to forty dollars per head. The price of wagons in St. Louis was sixty-seven dollars. In consequence of these high prices the independent emigrant companies were made more dependent upon the P. E. Fund for means to complete their outfits, the necessary outlay for the same having exceeded their expectations. The first companies were also detained at the camping ground one mile west of Kansas City, three weeks longer than necessary, for want of wagons. Under these circumstances, a council was called at St. Louis by Apostle Orson Pratt for the purpose of examining the state of affairs pertaining to the general emigration of the Saints, in which steps and measures were adopted to expedite the emigration business. Elder Pratt also advised that none of the emigrants should receive their outfits for crossing the plains later than the twenty-fifth of June.

The Scandinavian emigrants, under the direction of Elder H. P. Olsen, were among the first to roll out on the plains from the camping ground west of Kansas City. They started for the Valley on the fifteenth of June. About the same time Elder William Empey also organized three other companies of English, Welsh, and Scotch Saints, namely, two P. E. Fund companies, and one independent. The latter, consisting of about fifty wagons, was placed in charge of Job Smith, while William F. Carter and Dr. Darwin Richardson were appointed presidents of the other two. The emigrants who made up the list of passengers in these three companies, were those who had crossed the Atlantic in the *Golconda*, *Windermere*, *John M. Wood*, and *Old England*. Soon afterwards other emigrants arrived at Kansas City and started for the Valley, in three or more companies, under the leadership of Daniel Garn, Robert Campbell, William Empey, and perhaps others. There were thirty-eight wagons in Elder Garn's company, and forty-three in that led by William Empey, who remained at the outfitting place until the emigration business was finished, and started on the journey with the last company toward the close of June. His

train, however, passed Brother Campbell's company out on the plains, and arrived in the Valley ahead of it.

Another company known as the Church train, which travelled part of the way under the direction of Ezra T. Benson and Ira Eldredge, left the Missouri river at a point some distance above Fort Leavenworth, and struck the road travelled by the other companies out on the plains. This Church train which carried but a few passengers (being principally loaded with goods), started out without the requisite number of cattle; consequently, after traveling about seventy-five miles, Captain James Brown and Horace S. Eldredge were sent back to Jackson County to procure more. With the help thus obtained the journey became easier and all went pretty well until the fifth of August, when a stampede took place in which the company lost over one hundred head of cattle. Some of them, however, were subsequently recovered, but in hunting for them a number of the brethren came near losing their lives for lack of food and water.

Cholera and other diseases raged more or less in all the trains, but it seems that the Scandinavian company and the Church train suffered more than the others. In the latter alone about fifty persons died; and the dead list in Dr. Richardson's train, in which the emigrants suffered with the scurvy showed thirty fatal cases. In the whole history of the Latter-day Saints emigration, scarcely any thing is met with that is more heart-rending than some of the scenes of 1854, with the exception of the hand-cart experiences two years later. Hundreds of the Saints, who left the old world that year full of hopes and fond anticipations at the prospect of going to Zion, were suddenly and unexpectedly cut short in their career by that most dreadful of all diseases—the cholera—and instead of being spared to cast their lot with the Saints in the Rocky Mountains, they were laid quietly to rest by the way side, and the last traces of their lonely graves on the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, on the prairies near Kansas City, and on the broad plains of the far west,

have long been lost to inquiring friends and relatives—their resting-places will never be known again to mortals until the trump of the angel shall sound for the faithful to rise from their tombs, clothed with immortality.

The last trains were also exposed to great danger from the Sioux Indians, who had taken the war path, in consequence of the unwise course pursued by Lieutenant Gratten, at Fort Laramie, and an Indian interpreter. It happened in this way: A lame cow strayed away from a loose herd of H. P. Olsen's company of emigrants into a Sioux Indian camp, and the natives who were engaged in merry-making killed the cow and ate her. When the company arrived at Fort Laramie, the brethren reported the circumstance to Lieutenant Grattan, who immediately sent a detachment of soldiers to the Indian camp, demanding that the man who had killed the cow should be given up. The chief offered to pay for the animal, and the warrior who had taken it also expressed his willingness to relinquish his share of the annuity money then due, as payment therefor, but this fair way of settling the difficulty was not satisfactory to the commander of the troops, who without further ceremony gave orders to open fire upon the Indians. These immediately returned the volley, and in the desperate fight which ensued the whole company of soldiers, numbering over thirty men, were killed. Up to that time the Sioux had not interfered with the emigrants, but this affair made them angry, and almost immediately the whole country was thrown into a state of great excitement; the traders fled in all directions, expecting a general war; and the emigrant companies who, up to that time, had apprehended no danger from the savages, now found it necessary to take all possible precaution to escape death and destruction by their hands.

I have been unable to obtain any detailed account of the overland travel of any of the emigrant companies of 1854, except the Scandinavian emigration, which consisted of those who had been spared from the cholera, in the

companies that crossed the Atlantic in the *Jesse Munn* and *Benjamin Adams*. They were organized for the journey across the plains on the ninth of May, 1854. Hans Peter Olsen was sustained as leader and president of the company; Christian Larsen was appointed chaplain, Bent Nielsen wagon master, Jens Hansen camp captain, and P. P. Thomas captain of the guard. The company when organized, consisted of sixty-nine wagons, which were divided into six smaller companies, ranging from ten to twelve wagons in each. Each wagon was drawn by four oxen and two cows, besides which there were quite a number of reserve oxen. There were ten or twelve emigrants to each wagon. Over the six subdivisions the following named brethren acted as captains of tens: Carl Capson, Andrus Andersen, Peter Beckström, Jens Jørgensen, Anders W. Winberg and Valentin Valentinsen. The camp equipments, consisting of wagons, tents, etc, which were partly purchased in St. Louis and partly in Kansas City, cost much more than had been expected, on account of which a number of the emigrants ran short of means and could not secure the necessary outfit; but again the noble traits of character on the part of those who were better off with means, were exhibited, for they came to the rescue at once and subscribed liberally towards the relief of the poor, who were thus all helped out; none of those who desired to go to the Valley that season were left behind.

In the latter part of May a new camping place was selected at a point about eight miles west of Kansas City. From this place the emigrants commenced the long journey across the plains on the fifteenth of June. This company (as well as those that followed) traveled over a new and shorter road than the one the emigrants of previous seasons had taken. After having traveled about twenty miles west of Kansas City, a council of the leading brethren in camp was called, as it became evident that most of the wagons were too heavily loaded. This was the result of not complying with council, as some of the emigrants had insisted on

taking more goods along than that which was generally allotted. It was decided that Brother Hans Peter Olsen should go to Leavenworth City (about thirty miles distant), to talk with Apostle Orson Pratt, who resided temporarily in that city as Church Emigration Agent. This was accordingly done, and Apostle Pratt loaned the company sufficient means to purchase fifty more oxen.

The journey was then continued, and on the fifth of August, at a point several days' journey west of Fort Kearney, the company met Apostle Erastus Snow and other brethren en route for the States. Apostle Snow held meetings with the Scandinavian Saints, and spoke to them in their own language.

Of all the companies which crossed the plains in 1854, the Scandinavian Saints suffered the most with cholera; yet the mortality had been even greater among them while journeying up the rivers on the steamboats, and while encamped near Westport, than after they got fairly out on the open plains. Scores of the emigrants succumbed to the disease, and many were buried by their surviving relatives and friends without coffins. So great was the mortality among these Saints from the north, that of the seven hundred souls who had sailed from Copenhagen the previous winter, only about five hundred reached the place of their destination, nearly two hundred perished by the way. The survivors arrived in Salt Lake City, October 5th, 1854.

Of the other companies Captain James Brown with forty-two wagons arrived in Salt Lake City on the twenty-ninth of September; Dr. Darwin Richardson with forty wagons, rolled in the next day (the thirtieth). On the first of October, Daniel Garn arrived with his company of thirty-eight wagons; and was followed by the Church train a few days later. Wm. Empey with his forty-three wagons, reached the Valley on the twenty-fourth of October, and the last company of the season, led by Elder Robert Campbell, arrived on the twenty-eighth of the same month. The exact dates of arrival of the other trains are not known to the writer.

Fortunately for the late trains the weather continued extremely mild and pleasant until all had safely arrived in the Valley.

Owing to the high prices demanded for cattle, wagons, and camp equipments generally on the frontiers, a great portion of the emigration of 1854 was not able to purchase sufficient cattle to cross the plains comfortably; consequently many of the teams that were too heavily loaded were about to give out before half the journey was completed. This and the loss sustained by stampedes made it necessary to send a large number of teams from the Valley to help the companies in; and be it said to the credit of the Saints at headquarters, that when the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishops called for teams and provisions for that purpose, the people responded cheerfully. (*The Deseret News* of August 31st, September 28, October 5th, and 26th; *Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI: pp. 281, 297, 477, 441.)

SEVENTY-EIGHTH COMPANY, — *Clara Wheeler*, 422 souls. The ship *Clara Wheeler*, with four hundred and twenty-two Saints on board cleared the port at Liverpool November 24, 1854, bound for New Orleans. Elder Henry E. Phelps was appointed President of the company, with Elders John Parson and James Crossly as Counselors. After a rough experience in the Irish Channel, being unable to proceed against the incessant head winds and rough weather, the *Clara Wheeler* was obliged to return to port on the thirtieth of November. During this extraordinary experience the Saints suffered considerable with sea sickness. After receiving further supplies of water and provisions, the ship again put to sea on the seventh of December with a favorable wind, and on the tenth she cleared the Irish Channel after which she had a very quick trip to New Orleans, where she arrived on the eleventh of January, 1855. Soon after leaving Liverpool the measles broke out in the company, resulting in the death of twenty children and two grown persons. One child also died after the arrival at New Orleans which made twenty three deaths in all.

On the twelfth of January, James McGaw, the Church emigration agent at New Orleans, contracted with the captain of the steamboat *Oceana*, to take the passengers to St. Louis at the rate of three dollars and a half for each adult, and half of that for children between three and twelve years old; and twenty-four hours after their arrival in New Orleans, the emigrants were on their way up the river. Nearly one half of the company had not the means wherewith to pay their passage to St. Louis; but the more well-to-do Saints who had more money than they needed themselves, were influenced to lend to those who had none, and thus all who desired to continue the journey were enabled to do so. At St. Louis where the company arrived in safety, the emigrants were met by Apostle Erastus Snow and others, who gave the new arrivals a hearty welcome, and conducted them to comfortable quarters, which had been secured for their accommodation.

This company, although leaving England in the latter part of 1854, really belonged to the emigration of 1855, in connection with which the Saints who crossed the Atlantic in the *Clara Wheeler* continued the journey to the Valley, (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XVI: pp. 778, 816; Vol. XVII: pp. 10, 142, 184.)

Andrew Jenson.

IS MAN AN ELECTRICAL BATTERY?—He is, says Du Bois-Raymond, the learned professor of physiology in Berlin, who has been experimenting along this line of investigation, as only a German can, ever since 1841. Other men almost equally learned and scientific have come to the same conclusion, so there is no doubt about it. The inestimable value that the frog has been to modern physiological science is demonstrated anew here. What in fact would modern physiological science have been without the frog? His eye, his heart, his foot, and finally the muscles of his tidbit of a thigh have all been utilized to discover what kind of processes are going on in the inwards of the human being, where science cannot direct its

knife and microscope, at least while the person is alive.

So experiments on frogs' legs and eyes showed that electrical currents passed through their muscles. There are two exceedingly delicate instruments—one a "sensitive galvanometer," the other a "capillary electrometer"—which showed the variations of electrical currents in a frog's heart and muscles when they have been injured. The next step was to apply the instruments to the human being. All muscles in health contain what are called static electricity or "resting currents." If the muscle is injured or if it contracts more or less violently these changes are duly registered by corresponding changes in the galvanometer or the capillary electrometer.

It has not indeed been proved in black and white, but there is reason to infer from what has been proved that every thought, every emotion that flits with lightning-like rapidity across the consciousness marks itself by electrical changes and flashes of light in the brain and along the nerves. It has been found that there are different electrical currents in the transverse and cross sections of the muscles. Scientists have "tapped the living telegraph wires" and discovered that electrical currents flow along the motor strands of the spinal cord when the motor centers in the brain have been excited.

The uses to be made of these discoveries in disease in the future are among the prophecies that are sure to be fulfilled. It is plain that in perfect health muscles and nerves will be in a certain electrical state. In disease they will be disturbed and the disturbances can be ascertained and located.—*Selected.*

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest streams of human love
Flow naturally never;
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hand on the lever.

J. G. Holland.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1892.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

THE time is again at hand for resuming the meetings of the Mutual Improvement Associations, and it is hoped that with all the facilities provided for pursuing the work of Improvement, the coming year will mark an era of greater progress than any which has preceded it.

The same spirit of inspiration which led to the inauguration of this great work, has continued to rest upon the servants of God, and from time to time we have received from them ideas and suggestions which have enabled us to carry on our labors with greater success. This we believe will be the testimony of all who have received their instructions in the spirit thereof and endeavored so to carry them out.

In keeping with this spirit was the appointment by the General Superintendent of Milton H. Hardy, and George H. Brimhall, to compile the Manual, that all might be working in an orderly and systematic manner for mutual improvement. The plan commends itself to every earnest thoughtful worker, as being in harmony with the natural laws of development and education. It cultivates our observation of natural, and of spiritual truths; we read the best and most select thoughts of writers on the given subjects; we meet together and exchange ideas on these subjects, gaining new ones; we listen to lectures—to carefully prepared expositions of the truths involved; and bringing all these important factors together, we study and meditate, we seek for light in prayer, and there can be but one result: we have assimilated the knowledge, it has become a part of us, we are mutually grounded and built up in the truth.

That improvement may be mutual it of course must be individual. It surely requires no argument to prove, that as

our Heavenly Father has created us intelligent reasoning beings, endowed with the divine attributes of deity, it is a duty we owe to Him, to ourselves and to our associates to improve on the talents we have received, to the glory of His name and the growth and development of our intellectual and spiritual being.

There can be no standing still. We are commanded to "get learning from the best books," and "by prayer," and the reasons are obvious—the eyes of the world are upon us, and we must let our "light shine before men," that God may be glorified.

Then, as we receive freely this divine gift of intelligence, let us freely impart our knowledge to others. We are necessarily social beings, none are so far advanced that they can stand alone. Let us, if our plane be higher, assist others up to it, even as we look to others above us for assistance, and they to others, until we arrive at the source of knowledge, the Godhead. Let us all take up the labor and become workers—earnest and prayerful workers—in the cause of mutual improvement.

"HISTORY OF UTAH"—The first volume of the "History of Utah," by Orson F. Whitney, is now published, and is being distributed among subscribers. The work has been written with great care by the author, who has spent the greater part of two years in its preparation. It contains over seven hundred pages, comprising an account of the early founders of Mormonism, the early Spanish and American explorations, the advent of the Pioneers and settling of Utah by the Mormons, and the general history of the country up to 1861. We understand that it will require three more volumes to complete the work, which is being published by Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons.

It is impossible to justly review a work of such magnitude in an editorial note of this character, and we will at an early date publish a comprehensive review of it in a magazine article by one of our local critics. In the meantime, we urge all lovers of truth to read this, the greatest effort of any of our local writers,

and promise them that they will be more than rewarded for the time so spent.

"LIFE OF JOHN TAYLOR."—We have before us, in a beautifully bound volume, "The Life of John Taylor," from the gifted pen of Elder B. H. Roberts. It is a companion volume in general appearance and make up with "The Life of Joseph Smith," "The Life of Heber C. Kimball," and other works of a similar character, which rank among the best literature of Mormonism; and it deserves an honored place among them, both because of its literary worth and because of

the subject. While devoted to recording the history of President John Taylor's eventful life, it necessarily, from the conspicuous part he has played in the history of the Church, recites incidents and events of general interest to the whole body of Latter-day Saints, and it will be read with pleasure and profit by them.

It is a book that will grace any library, and is particularly valuable in that it is intended to preserve for future generations the history of a life consecrated and given up to the advancement of the pure principles of the Gospel of truth.

Published by Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

Y. M. M. I. A. MISSIONARIES.

The following letter to Stake Superintendency has been issued by the General Superintendency,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

Sept. 5th, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER:—We desire a number of representative young men to continue the general missionary work among the Improvement Associations.

You will therefore please confer at once with the Presidency of your Stake and with their indorsement select the names of representative young men with ability and inclination to perform missionary labor.

Forward these names to this office without delay that the First Presidency may have time to consider them before their names are presented to the general conference in October next. Their en-

tire time will be required in the field, the first five weeks of which will be preparatory work in the M. I. Normal Course, and the remainder of the three months devoted to traveling and laboring among the young men of the Associations in Zion.

In making this selection endeavor to take men from the M. I. ranks, avoiding interference with the Sunday School interests, and see that they have the full indorsement of their Bishop, and that they *can* and *will* devote themselves exclusively to filling this mission.

Your fellow laborers,

W. Woodruff,

Jos. F. Smith,

Moses Thatcher,

Genl. Suptcy. Y.M.M.I.A.

Address: Geo. D. Pyper,

Secretary Y.M.M.I.A.,

P. O. Box 520.

Salt Lake City.

MOONLIGHT.

CHORUS, WITH SOLO.

E. STEPHENS.

FRANZ ABT.

Andante con moto.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

Softly, softly wave the shadows Of the gently

1st and 2nd Bass.

The musical score is written for two parts: Tenor and Bass. The Tenor part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' The lyrics are written below the staves, with the Tenor part having the main lyrics and the Bass part having a similar line. The lyrics are: 'Softly, softly wave the shadows Of the gently'.

swaying trees, Perfume sweet from fields and meadows Floats upon the

balmy breeze. Now a cloudlet dark'ning 'round us, Hides the moon, then

glides along, Through the brightness that surrounds us, Breaks a

lov - er's plaintive song. Breaks a lover's plaintive song.

Hark a plaintive lov - - - er's song.

Baritone Solo.
mf Andante.

1. The moon is beaming bright love, The stars are veiled in light, I
2. How tender are the mem'ries Of beauteous moments gone, When

pp Humming.

mf

lack but the lustre so bright love, Of thy sweet eyes to - night. My
here in the beautiful moonlight, We wander'd oft a - lone, With-

p

p

heart throbs wildly with longing Commingled with sorrow and pain, As
out thee lonely I languish, To long for thy comin: is vain, My

sf

fearful forebodings come thronging, Perchance I'll ne'er see thee again.
heart cries aloud in its anguish, Oh shall I ne'er meet thee again.

pp *sf* *p*

As
His

1st.

sf

fearful forebodings come thronging, Perchance they will ne'er meet again.
heart cries aloud in its anguish, Oh shall I ne'er meet thee a - gain.

2nd. *Poco rall.* *Diluendo.*

My heart cries aloud in its anguish, Oh shall I ne'er meet thee a-

gain.

Tempo 1mo. Ma un poco meno mosso.

Softly, softly wave the shadows Of the gentle

gain.

rit.

swaying trees, Heedless of the lovers sorrows,

O'er the meadows glide the breeze, Gentle gentle

gen - tle

pp. *Diluendo.*

summer breeze, Gentle, gentle summer breeze.

sum - mer breeze, gen - tle sum - mer breeze,

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit.
Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Assets,	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 19,559,102
Premiums Received 1889,	-	-	-	-	-	6,740,238
Losses Paid 1889,	-	-	-	-	-	3,847,039

H. J. GRANT & CO.,

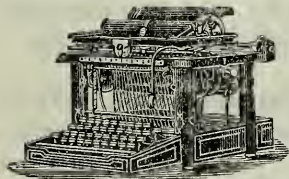
AGENTS,

Salt Lake City.

CROOKE & WARREN,

RESIDENT MANAGERS,

Chicago, Ill.



"The Business Man's Friend."

FOR NEATNESS OF WORK,
EASE OF MANIPULATION,
DURABILITY AND SPEED, the

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

IS UNEQUALED.

For full particulars
call or address

F. E. MCGURRIN,

403

PROGRESS BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

VOLUME XIII.

AT the conclusion of the Twelfth Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR (which is now bound and ready for delivery), its publishers extend thanks to the people for their extensive patronage, and take pleasure in announcing some of the new features to be introduced in early numbers and to be followed as rapidly as possible by others, which will not only maintain for the magazine its enviable reputation as the leading magazine of home literature, but secure for it a prominent place among the enterprising first-class literary magazines of the country.

Columbus and the Discovery and Peopling of America: An Illustrated series of Historical Studies, to prepare readers for an appreciation of the Four Hundredth Anniversary and the great World's Fair at Chicago.

The Birthplaces of the Prophets: A series of descriptive sketches made by JUNIUS F. WELLS. During the present summer the author has visited Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont; Whitingham, Vermont; Farmington, Connecticut; Potsdam and Trenton, New York, etc., etc., and will describe the scenes surrounding the birthplaces of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, Daniel H. Wells, and others of the prominent leaders of the Church. These papers will be handsomely illustrated.

Book of Mormon Lands and Cities: By JOEL RICKS, who has made a careful study of the travels of Book of Mormon peoples and of the ruins of their cities. This series will be illustrated.

Colonial and Revolutionary Battle Grounds will receive the attention of PROF. J. M. TANNER, who is collecting views in New England and writing a number of sketches to accompany them.

Missionary Life and Experiences will be treated by representative Elders in Scandinavia, England and the Southern States.

The Church Emigration, by ANDREW JENSON. This exceedingly valuable series will be continued.

Political Principles: We have arranged for some papers from well-known exponents of Political Doctrines, which will give readers a comprehensive understanding of the principles and

policies of the Republican and Democratic Parties, and be of great practical assistance to young men in forming political opinions and party connections.

In Fiction we shall present some original serials and short stories. Narratives, Sketches, Poetry, etc., will be as interesting features of the future numbers as of the past.

Association Intelligence: We propose in this department to give the experiences and methods of the most successful Associations working under the new MANUAL, and publish valuable correspondence on the subject. This department will be open to Association workers, for questions and explanations.

\$1000.00. MUSICAL CONTEST. \$1000.00.

In June, 1892, there will be given a Musical Contest for \$1000.00 in prizes, for both Instrumental and Vocal Music. THE CONTRIBUTOR will announce the particulars and conditions of this the Greatest of all Contests, from time to time, as necessity suggests. The Music for the Vocal Contest will be published in elegant style in the Magazine.

The Magazine will be Enlarged by the addition of one hundred pages or more to Volume XIII, and in every way that the patronage of the people will justify shall we improve it, that it may be in all respects the representative of our people's progress and intellectual development.

Subscription: The subscription is Two DOLLARS a year. Binding FIFTY CENTS a volume. For Two DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, *in advance*, we will send the magazine, bind it at the end of the year and return it post free. We recommend every subscriber to order it this way. The magazine is thus doubled in value, being read as it comes out, and still preserved, a record of the best thought of the times, which may be referred to in years to come with untold interest. We are assured by subscribers, who have all the back volumes, that they would not part with them for any price.

Binding: Volumes bound in cloth at 50 cents each. Missing numbers supplied to subscribers at 15 cents each. Binding Cases for any volume, 25 cents each. FINE BINDINGS, Half Morocco, gilt, \$1.00 each; Full Morocco, gilt, \$2.00 each.

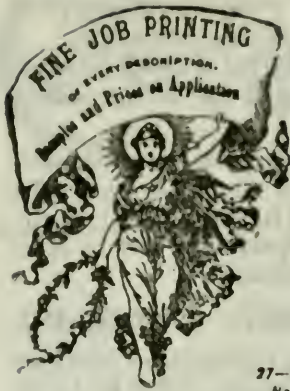
Bound Volumes: Complete sets, Twelve Volumes, cloth \$27.00 per set; Half Morocco, gilt, \$32.00. We will exchange any other Bound Volume for volumes 1, 2, and 4, unbound, if in good condition.

Special: We have a limited number of large engravings of Lieutenant-General Joseph Smith and of President Brigham Young. Until our supply is exhausted, we will send a copy of either to subscribers for Volume XIII. who pay \$2.50 in advance (which also includes binding). These engravings sell at \$1.00 each.

Remit money by P. O. note, registered letter, or draft. Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar.



Address, THE CONTRIBUTOR CO.,
CONSTITUTION BUILDING,
P. O. Box 520. Salt Lake City, Utah.



The Finest and Largest Variety of

Wedding Cards AND Party Tickets

Printed in the Latest and best Styles.

Merchant Printing Company.

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, Manager.

27-29 W South Temple St.,
Nearly opp. So. Temple Gate.

SALT LAKE CITY.

UTAH CRACKER FACTORY,

HENRY WALLACE Manager,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated

SILVER BRAND OF FINE CRACKERS.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Sold by all Wholesale & Retail Dealers in the Territory,

Hardy, Young & Co.

..FIRST..CLASS..

Family Groceries, Dry Goods,
Boots and Shoes.

Town and Country Trade Solicited.

HARDY, - YOUNG - & - CO.,

28-30 Main St., Opp. Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City.

O. H. HARDY, Manager.

THE DESERET SAVINGS BANK.

THE attention of those desiring to open savings accounts is called to the DESERET SAVINGS BANK, which allows interest on deposits at the rate of Five per cent. per annum, compounded quarterly. Money to loan on approved real estate security. Its officers are as follows:

JOHN SHARP,
President.

MOSES THATCHER,
Vice-President.

E. A. SMITH,
Cashier.

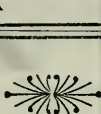
DIRECTORS.

JOHN SHARP,
JAMES SHARP,

H. DINWOODIEY, J. R. BARNES, ELIAS A. SMITH, F. W. JENNINGS,
L. S. HILLS, D. H. PEERY, W. W. RITER, GEORGE ROMNEY,
MOSES THATCHER, J. C. OUTLER, J. T. LITTLE.

R. K. THOMAS.

26, 28, 30, 32 E. FIRST



R. K. Thomas.

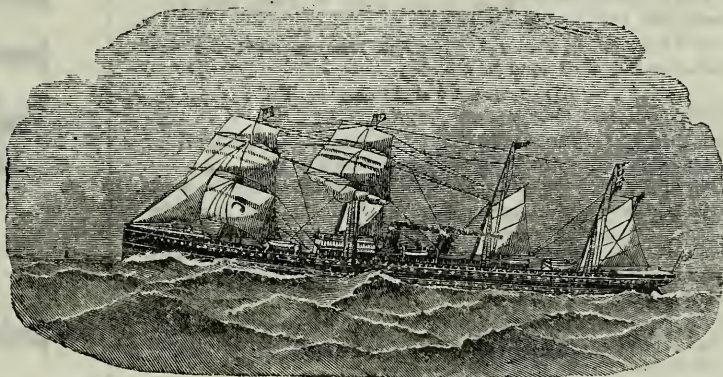
SOUTH ST.



R. K. THOMAS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE GUION LINE



For .: QUEENSTOWN .: and .: LIVERPOOL.

From Pier New 38, North River, Foot of King St., New York, every Saturday.

NEVADA. 3,350 TONS

WYOMING. 3,716 TONS.

ALASKA. 6,500 TONS.

ARIZONA. 5,500 TONS.

WISCONSIN. 3,720 TONS.

These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano and Library; also experienced Surgeon, Stewardess, and Caterer on each Steamer. **The State-rooms are all on Deck, thus insuring those greatest of all Luxuries at Sea, perfect Ventilation and Light.**

CABIN PASSAGE, \$50 and upward, according to location.

INTERMEDIATE, Second Cabin, \$30, and \$35. STEERAGE, \$20.

Offices, No. 35, Broadway, New York, A. M. UNDERHILL & CO.

JAMES JACK, LOCAL AGENT, SALT LAKE CITY.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DESERET NEWS

Per Year.
Deseret Evening News, \$10.00
Deseret Semi-Weekly News, 3.00
Deseret Weekly, - - 2.50

Book & Job Printing and Book-Binding.

PRICE LIST OF CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

FOR SALE BY

THE DESERET NEWS COMPANY,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

BOOK OF MORMON, with references, Gilt, \$2.75; Full Book, \$1.00; Full Roan, \$1.75; Full Leather, embossed, \$1.25; Full Cloth, embossed, \$1.00.
BOOK OF MORMON, (Large Print,) Morocco, Extra Gilt, \$3.75; Leather, Gilt, \$3.00; Leather, \$2.25; Cloth, \$1.75.

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS, with references, Gilt, \$1.75; Full Book, \$2.00; Full Roan, \$1.75; Full Leather, embossed, \$1.25; Full Cloth, embossed, \$1.00.

SPENCER'S LETTERS, Exhibiting the most Prominent Doctrines of the Church, Full Roan, embossed, \$1.00; Full Cloth, embossed, 75c.

KEY TO THE SCIENCE OF THEOLOGY, by Parley P. Pratt, Full Roan, embossed, 75c.; Full Cloth, embossed, 50cts.

VOICE OF WARNING, by Parley P. Pratt, Full Roan, embossed, 50c.; Full Cloth, embossed, 35c.; Limp Cloth, 25c.

PEARL OF GREAT PRICE, Morocco, Gilt, \$1.25; Leather, Gilt, \$1.00; Roan, 75c.; Cloth, embossed, 50cts.

DOES THE BIBLE SANCTION POLYGAMY? Discussion between Elder O. Pratt and Dr. J. P. Newman, to which is added three discourses on celestial marriage by Elders O. Pratt, Geo. A. Smith and George Q. Cannon, 25cts.

"MORMON" DOCTRINE, Plain and Simple, or Leaves from the Tree of Life, an explanation of the principles of the Gospel, in twelve tersely written chapters, followed by an original poem, and an appendix giving scriptural references for all the subjects treated upon in the body of the work. A handy volume for anyone, 25cts.

CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN. Exhibiting the most prominent doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by John Jaques. Leather, 40c.; Cloth, 25c.; Boards, 20c.; Stiff Cover, 15c.

A COMPENDIUM of the Doctrines of the Gospel, by Franklin D. Richards and James A. Little. Leather, Gilt, \$2.00; Leather, \$1.50; Imitation Leather, \$1.25; Cloth, \$1.00.

READY REFERENCES. Scripture texts arranged in subjective order, with historical notes. 45c., 55c., 85c., and \$1.10, according to binding.

BLOOD ATONEMENT. By C. W. Penrose. Explaining the doctrine as understood by Latter-day Saints. 20c.

WHY WE PRACTICE PLURAL MARRIAGE. By Helen Mar Whitney. 20c.

THE "MANUSCRIPT FOUND." (Spaulding Story). Paper, 25c.; Cloth, 50c.; Leather, Gilt, \$1.00.

ITEMS ON PRIESTHOOD. By President John Taylor. 10c.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS. By John Jaques. 10c.

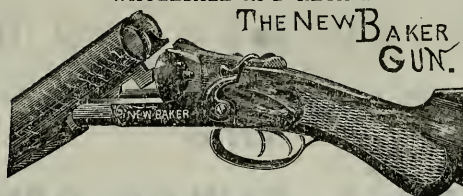
Take the
Illustrated
CONTRIBUTOR.

BROWNING BROS.,

155 MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY, and 2461 WASHINGTON AVE., OGDEN, UTAH

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GUNS,
BICYCLES,
FISHING TACKLE,
LAWN TENNIS,
BASE BALL
AND
CRICKET GOODS.



TENTS
HAMMOCKS,
WAGON COVERS
FIELD GLASSES,
BOOTS,
SHOES, Etc., Etc.

Agents for the "American Rambler," the highest grade Safety Bicycle made; "Eclipse" Wheels
Du Pont's Sporting and Blasting Powder; Safety Nitro and Atlas Powder Giant Caps, Fuse, etc., etc.
We sell a 24-inch Safety Bicycle for \$25.00; 27-inch, \$35.00; and 30-inch for \$45.00.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which we mail free to any address.

TWO GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINES

"THE CENTURY."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is now so well-known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The N. Y. *Tribune* has said that it and its companion, *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population."

The subscription price (\$4.00) may be remitted directly to the publishers, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

"ST. NICHOLAS."

The year 1892 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without ST. NICHOLAS." One cannot put the spirit of ST. NICHOLAS into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features for 1892 and a single sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3.00 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

An illustrated monthly Magazine, a current record of New England life and thought manifesting itself the world over. Single numbers, 25 cents. \$3.00 per year.

HARPER'S
PERIODICALS

- ✗ HARPER'S MAGAZINE, - \$4.00 a Year
- ✗ HARPER'S WEEKLY, - \$4.00 a Year
- ✗ HARPER'S BAZAR, - \$4.00 a Year
- ✗ HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$2.00 a Year

UNRIVALLED STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.
PERFECT EXPONENTS of the CIVILIZATION of the COUNTRY.

HARPER & BROS., Franklin Square, New York.

WM. DRIVER & SON,

◀ Wholesale and Retail Druggists. ▶

(Photographed by the photographer)

THE MOST RELIABLE DRUG HOUSE IN THE WEST

— IS THE FIRM OF —

WM. DRIVER & SON,

Mail Orders Receive
prompt attention.

OGDEN, UTAH.

CONFECTIONERY.

M SHIELDS & CO., 43 & 45 State St., CHICAGO.

THE

THOMPSON & TAYLOR SPICE CO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

✕ THE FINEST ✕

SPICES *and* FLAVORING EXTRACTS

KNOWN TO THE TRADE.

Proprietors of the Famous Brand of

—RED CROSS LYE.

30, 32, 33, 36, 38, 40 SO. WATER STREET, CHICAGO.

FASHIONABLE and HEALTHFUL

THE GENUINE



Jackson Corset Waist



SUPERB FORM. PERFECT FIT.

A perfect Corset and Waist combined. Famous for its style, graceful symmetry, and healthful qualities.

Patented Feb. 23, 1886.

See patent stamp on each Waist.

TAKE NO OTHER.

Made only by the JACKSON CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich

IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T IT, WRITE TO US.

The Golden-Rod Publishing Co., of Chicago, Illinois, has determined to secure 500,000 new subscribers to their family story paper, the **GOLDEN-ROD**, before January 1st '93.

In the ordinary way this would require a lifetime, but "time is money," and in order to save time we are willing to pay those who subscribe now a large sum of

MONEY

realizing that we can soon recover this great expenditure from the increased revenue from our advertisers.

For correct answers to the following ten word-riddles, The Golden-Rod Publishing Co. will pay the following

CASH REWARDS:

For the correct answer to any ONE word, - - - \$ 20.00	For the correct answer to any SIX words, - - - \$150.00
For the correct answer to any TWO words, - - - 50.00	For the correct answer to any SEVEN words, - - - 175.00
For the correct answer to any THREE words, - - - 75.00	For the correct answer to any EIGHT words, - - - 200.00
For the correct answer to any FOUR words, - - - 100.00	For the correct answer to any NINE words, - - - 225.00
For the correct answer to any FIVE words, - - - 125.00	For the correct answer to ALL of the TEN words, - - - 300.00

AS SPECIAL GRAND PRIZES WE WILL PAY IN CASH:

For the FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire TEN words, \$5000.00
For the SEVENTH correct answer to ALL of the entire TEN words 3000.00
For the TWENTY-FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire TEN words 2000.00

Here are the word-riddles, can you solve them? Remember any one of the ten words correctly solved wins for you \$20.00 in cash,

1 L _ N D _ _	A City of Great Britain.	6 C _ R _ B _ _	A Victorious Fighter.
2 C H I _ _	An Eastern Country.	7 A U S _ _ I A	A Country in Europe.
3 P A _ _ S	Home of Fashion and Art.	8 A _ _ Z O N	A River.
4 A _ I A	An Immense Country.	9 P E R _ _ A	A Country in Asia.
5 E _ R _ P _	A Land across the Atlantic.	10 N _ L _	A River of the Old World.

EXPLANATION Each dash indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word will be found complete. EXAMPLE: B _ b _ e. A book everyone should read. The omitted letters are i and l, and when properly inserted the complete word is bible.

REWARDS Are paid in cash the very day any answer is found to be correct. To prevent even any appearance of irregularity or collusion, a copy of the original ten words has been deposited in a safety vault under seal, to be opened December 31st, '92, in the presence of witnesses, whose sworn statements to the correct words together with the list of prize winners, will be published in the January number of the Golden-Rod.

REMEMBER EVERY CORRECT ANSWER WINS A PRIZE.

CONDITIONS The object of this extraordinary offer is of course to secure subscribers a once, and in large numbers. We therefore require that 50 cents for a year's subscription for our great paper **The Golden-Rod**, be sent with each answer. Thus if two words are answered \$1.00 must be sent, three words \$1.50, five words \$2.50, and so on, and as many copies of the paper will be mailed to addresses given. New continued stories will begin with the November number.

Designate the words you answer by their numbers. Send at once and win one of the grand prizes. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

The Golden-Rod Publishing Co., 309 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall Street, New York.

THE
STATE BANK OF UTAH.
SALT LAKE CITY.

CAPITAL, - \$500,000.00.

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT.
WM. B. PRESTON, VICE-PRESIDENT.
HEBER M. WELLS, CASHIER.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH P. SMITH. CHARLES S. BURTON.
WILLIAM H. ROWE. NEPHI W. CLAYTON.
ABRAHAM H. CANNON. FRANK T. TAYLOR.
SPENCER CLAWSON. PHILO T. FARNSWORTH.
ELIAS MORRIS. RICHARD W. YOUNG.
HENRY A. WOOLLEY.

Receives Deposits Payable on Demand.
Loans Money on Approved Security.
Draws Exchange on all Principal Points.
Pays careful attention to Country Trade.
Solicits the Business of the People of
Utah.

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution,

Salt Lake City,

Organized Oct., 1868.

CAPITAL, \$1,250,000.

OFFICERS:

President,
WILFORD WOODRUFF;
Vice-President,
MOSES THATCHER;
Secretary,
T. G. WEBBER;
Treasurer,
A. W. CARLSON.

BRANCH HOUSES
at OGDEN,
LOGAN, PROVO,
and IDAHO FALLS.

Drug Dept., Main St.
SALT LAKE CITY

W. H. ROWE, ASSISTANT SUPT.

T. G. WEBBER, GENERAL SUPT.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS.

60 MAIN STREET.



Utah Territory.

DIRECTORS:

GEO. Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
H. J. GRANT,
JOHN H. SMITH,
JOHN SHARP,
GEO. ROMNEY,
J. R. WINDER,
H. DINWOODEY,
P. T. FARNSWORTH,
J. R. BARNES,
W. H. ROWE.

MANUFACTURERS, IM-
PORTERS, WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN FOR-
EIGN, DOMESTIC,
AND LOCAL MER-
CHANDISE.